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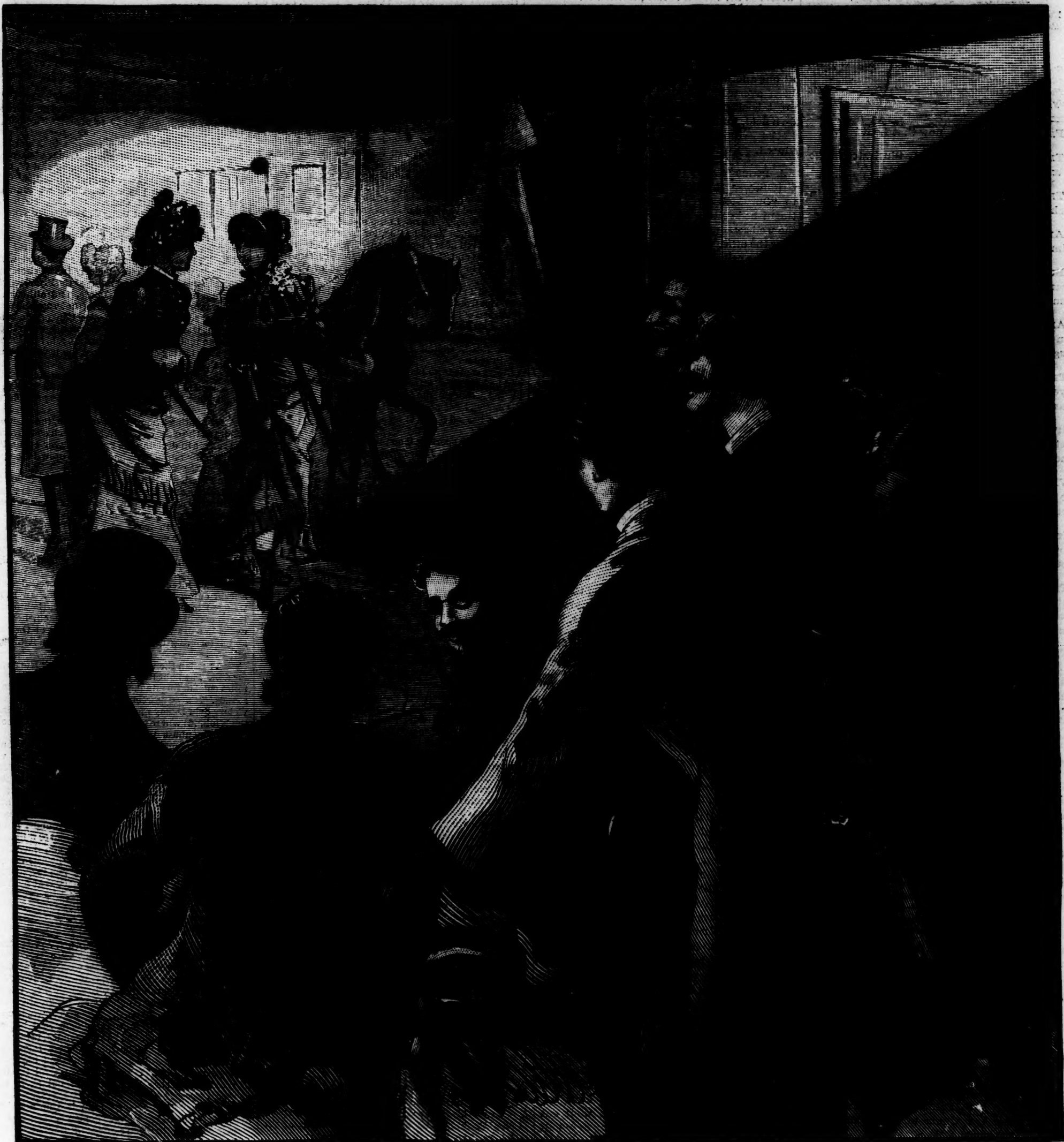
The National
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1884.

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SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

HOW THE SWELLS OF THE UNION CLUB NOW WHILE AWAY THEIR IDLE HOURS AND THE GIRLS GIVE THEMSELVES AWAY WITHOUT KNOWING IT.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, May 3, 1884.

GREAT OFFER.

THE POLICE GAZETTE,
The Best Illustrated, Sporting and Sensational Paper in the World, and

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,
The Spiciest Dramatic and Best Story Paper in America, Illustrating the Sensations of the Day.

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The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX.

FISH are very cheap—now that Lent is over.

THE Tomb is magnificently illustrated in the *Week's Doings*, No. 54.

THE Salvation Army has been rotten-egged in Rahway. Good for Rahway.

ANOTHER man wants to swim Niagara. Let him rip. It will be one fool less.

BUFFALO comes to the front with a champion bean-eater. Is not there such a place as Boston somewhere on the maps?

ABOUT the hugest exhibition of cold gall we can recall is that of the Long Island murderer, Rugg, pleading not guilty.

THE National Association has decided that Myers is not a professional. No just-thinking man ever thought he was.

If Adelina Patti really should return to her first husband, the firm name, so it is said, will read, Patti, Nicolini & Caux.

VANDERBILT's palace tomb is finished, and the public awaits with anxiety the announcement that its owner has moved in.

It looks very much as if Gye was going to drop into the trap the Metropolitan Opera House people have laid for him, after all.

THE Rockaway woman who poured scalding water on the little girl who trespassed on her garden ought to get a first-class roasting in the courts.

THE reform tempest is raging very violently in Albany. When the storm clears away, our political atmosphere will be purer, for a little while at least.

It is said that Blaine's book will bring him in at least \$80,000 in royalties. In literature, as in politics, Blaine is evidently not rewarded according to his merits.

AN Indian runner is the newest sensation in pedestrian circles. If he can run half as fast as many white men have in getting away from his tribe he will be a wonder.

ROLLER-SKATING was fashionable in Europe eight years ago. The news has at last reached the feeble minds of our dudes, and the rink business is enjoying a big boom here.

THE coal companies are fighting, and now that the winter is over there is a chance that coal will be cheap. It is always thus. The companies know when to fight every time, you bet.

EVERY city seems to have at least three dime museums in full blast. Three at a dime seems to be rather a large order, doesn't it? But three of a kind in this case seems to be a good hand for the managers.

ONE of the Dwyer brothers' racers tried to make a midnight supper off her stall and dislocated her jaw. Miss Palmer is not the only member of her sex whom midnight suppers have got into trouble.

The Baxter street Sheenies are nothing if not enterprising. If they can't persuade a customer to trade by words, they tackle him with a club. Peziness is peeziness, you know, and it is better to make a bargain with a corpse than to make none at all.

DR. MARY WALKER has got a new suit and she is said to look just too sweet in it. The doctor is evidently becoming a perfect masher, but then what else could be expected of a giddy young creature like her?

ROSCOE CONKLING is a first-class lawyer, but we question if any of the witnesses he puts on the rack class him as high as a gentleman. He can do more bullying in a given space of time than any other pleader at the bar.

COL. J. H. MAPLESON, Esq. now wants to sue the papers for saying that he stood in with the ticket speculators to skin the public in San Francisco. If Col. J. H. Mapleson, Esq., brings such a suit he is a bigger fool than we take him to be.

ON May 26, a clay pigeon shooting tournament will commence in Chicago. It owes its origin to the Ligowski Clay Pigeon Manufacturing Company of Cincinnati, whose handsome championship badge has been lately on view at Tiffany's, where it was manufactured. The clay pigeon is a great invention, and its enterprising and liberal manufacturers have deserved the success it has attained to.

COL. BEARD's new book, "Bristling with Thorns," has already commenced to make itself felt. A couple of our Albany politicians have been pricked by it till they have broken loose at one another. So far, however, bloodshed has been averted. "Bristling with Thorns" is a great book. It tackles Judge Tourgee in his own field, and shakes the backbone out of "A Fool's Errand." Get it, read it, and be convinced.

A bogus "Lord" Coleridge, so declares Ham Griffin, was the catfish who proposed marriage to "Our Mollie." Inasmuch as all the distinguished suitors for her hand mentioned by the well-seasoned and tireless Ham protest one after the other that they have never seen her in public or private either, a horrible suspicion begins to shake our confidence in Ham's other statements about the immense business she has been doing.

AUGUSTUS ROCHE, the heavy weight of comic opera, brought suit against Doyley Carte for discharging her simply because she went to a matinee at the Casino when she ought to have been acting at the Standard. Singular as it may seem, she didn't win her case. There must be something radically wrong in our laws that they do not permit a woman to do as she pleases and be paid for not doing what she should do for the money.

JOSEPH PROCTOR, the veteran "Nick of the Woods," whose portrait we published last week, when, by the way, the intelligent compositor, owing to our wretched chirography, handed his name down to posterity as "James" instead of "Joseph," is again on his pins after a severe spell of illness, and is at present filling an engagement at Portland, Bangor, and other points in New England. Joe is one of the kind of old-timers who give grim Death a grapple, and don't go to earth in one round either.

POOR, dear old Lotta! She thought she failed in London because her pathos in "Little Nell" was more than the British public could stand. So she had it all cut out. But the British public was even more disgusted by her fun as the *Marchioness*. So she had the pathos all restored. It would be a good thing for Lotta if she would put her pride in her pocket and engage John Roger to send her round the provinces while Minnie Palmer continued her capture of the bakery in London.

A NOVEL entertainment took place in London recently. A number of deaf mutes belonging to the Hackney Mission to the Deaf and Dumb gave a dramatic performance. The pieces were "The School for Scandal," and "The Sorrows of Mr. Snooks." The characters in both were represented exclusively by deaf mutes, and the audience was largely composed of the same class. The performance was in the sign language. A gentleman who saw it says that it would make a capital example for Edwin Booth's company, who, by giving Shakespeare in the sign language, would be much more intelligible than they are at present.

THE sort of stuff California managers are made of is shown by the case of Mrs. Laura Rose, the wife of Frank Oakes Rose, the actor. Mrs. Rose is a *danseuse*, and was engaged as premiere last December by Fred. J. Burt, of San Francisco, for a season of ten weeks fares out and back to be paid by him. She went out and played her engagement, receiving only half salary, and is now stuck in San Francisco, unable to get home, as the manager will neither settle up with her or pay her fare across the continent. If Mrs. Rose has big luck the Dramatic Fund may help her. But we don't think it will. Meanwhile, we would advise the profession to keep its eye on Burt.

EXTRA KNOCKED STIFF

Sheriff Drops Before Cleary in One Round.

A GENUINE SURPRISE PARTY.

The Prussian Unconscious for Three Minutes.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The testimonial benefit tendered to Mike Cleary, at Germania Assembly Rooms, in the Bowery, came off on April 18. At the time the popular young pugilist decided to give an exhibition he offered large inducements to Joe Pendergast, Hial Stoddard and Mike Donovan to box him four three-minute rounds, according to the new "Police Gazette" rules. Cleary also offered Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, the whole of the gate receipts if he stood up the twelve minutes' time occupied in fighting four rounds, not including rests. Mike Donovan refused to meet Cleary, Stoddard had an engagement on hand and could not accept, while Joe Pendergast claimed that he had retired. It was expected that no one would meet Cleary till Arthur Chambers finally induced Sheriff to accept the former's offer.

Great interest was manifested in sporting circles over the affair. Cleary went into training at Fort Hamilton under the mentorship of Jack Bowles, of Chicago, and by hard work reduced his weight and got in first-class condition. Sheriff, in the meantime, had fought Jack Welsh, in Philadelphia, for over five hours and had received heavy punishment. Nevertheless Arthur Chambers and Sheriff's admirers were certain that he would be in front of Cleary at the end of the fourth round.

On April 18, Arthur Chambers and Jimmy Mitchell came on from Philadelphia, and called at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Sheriff displayed two black eyes, and one of his hands was swelled. He did not in any way look capable of engaging in a boxing match, let alone a knock-out. Chambers, however, had great faith in the Prussian.

Cleary came from his training quarters on the 18th, and he kept quiet, attending to his business and completing arrangements for the contest. On the night of the match, large crowds fied into Germania Assembly Rooms, paying \$2 and \$1 for seats, and 50 cents for admission.

Among the sporting men present were John Charles, Barney Goodwin, James Wakeley, John Towser, Billy Madden, The Allen, Tom Campbell, Frank Stevenson, Joe Coburn, Billy Bennett, Fred. May, and a large delegation of Wall street brokers and members of the Union League and Racquet clubs.

Capt. McCullagh had a large force of police on hand, but the best of order prevailed, and there was no disorderly conduct.

Frank Whitaker, the popular "Police Gazette" master of ceremonies, had charge of the affair, and before Cleary and Sheriff were to appear, he trotted out a first-class array of boxing talent to keep the spectators amused. The first set-to was between Fildier Neary and Tommy Ferguson. Then followed a smart contest between Jack Files, of Chicago, and Young Tom Allen, in which Files showed some clever boxing, and scored several excellent points. The one-armed boxer, Dalton and Watts, made things lively for the time being, greatly to the amusement of the spectators. Decidedly the best among the performances of the minor celebrities, was the set-to between Charley McCoy, champion feather-weight of America, and Tommy Barnes, of Sheffield, England.

After a "wait" of some five minutes Pop Whitaker made the following speech:

"Gentlemen, there is to be no knocking out to-night. It is to be a purely scientific set-to. Capt. McCullagh is present, and though we all know that he is a lover of the manly art of self-defense, yet he will see that no slugging is done."

A few minutes later Cleary entered the arena, and was loudly cheered. He took up his position in the northwest corner. Sheriff entered the ring a few minutes later, and occupied the southwest corner.

Cleary was dressed in blue drawers and a white armless shirt and stockings and canvas shoes. He looked in fine condition and very confident. Sheriff had on white drawers and white stockings, pink sleeveless shirt and leather shoes.

John Magee, of Philadelphia, was chosen referee, and John Saunders was chosen time-keeper. Everything being ready "Time" was called, and the men advanced from their corners to the center of the ring and put themselves in fighting attitudes.

Their positions were very graceful, with their left hands extended and their right hands covering their breasts. There was very little sparring before Sheriff led with his left hand, which was easily stopped by Cleary, and, after moving around a moment, Sheriff led again with his left, which reached Cleary's face. The latter returned with his left, which landed on Sheriff's right cheek. Cleary kept on the defensive, stopping two left-handers which Sheriff endeavored to plant on his face; but the latter followed these with a right-hand, which he landed on Cleary's breast. This brought them to close quarters, and they exchanged left-handers in the face. Cleary followed up his left-hand with his right hand. This landed on the left side of Sheriff's chin, which knocked him on his seat, from which position he rolled over on his back, perfectly oblivious to what was going on about him. He was soon lifted up by his attendants and carried to his corner, where every appliance known for bringing a man to his senses was resorted to without avail, and when the ten seconds which are allowed to a man to get on his feet after a fall had elapsed he was still in an unconscious condition, and Cleary was hailed the winner.

Cleary is 5 feet 8 inches high, twenty-seven years old, and weighed last night 164 pounds. Sheriff is thirty-seven years old, 5 feet 4 inches high, and weighed 174 pounds. He has fought many battles in the English ring, and came to this country to have a trial with Sullivan, if it were possible, to fill his pockets with Yankee gold, and then return as Tug Wilson did. He was not successful in getting a job with Sullivan, but he fought Mitchell at Harry Hill's place, near Flushing, last year, and made a draw of it. Arthur Chambers and all of his Philadelphia backers were quite confident when they brought him here that he would beat Cleary as easily as Mitchell had done, and go back to the Quaker City loaded with money and glory.

Many persons supposed that it was arranged for Cleary to knock Sheriff out, but both Sheriff and Cleary entered the ring to do one another up, and if any man had wanted to wager Arthur Chambers \$1,000 that Sheriff would not box the four rounds he would have met him for that or any other amount. The match was a legitimate one, and while it is a great feather in Cleary's cap to have the glory of knocking a pugilist of Sheriff's reputation out in one round, the pluck, stamina and fighting abilities of Sheriff are not injured in a practical way.

Tom Allen, at the time when we think he was good enough to be champion of America, was knocked out of time in less than two minutes by a blow on the jugular vein by Charley Gallagher, at Carroll Island, St. Louis, Feb. 23, 1880. Allen afterward defeated Gallagher, although the referee, for a consideration, declared the fight a draw. The question now is, can Cleary repeat the operation?

Whether he can or not, he must have the reputation of doing more than ever John L. Sullivan, the inventor of this four three-minute knock-out business has ever done. No one can question Sheriff's great record. Sullivan never knocked out a pugilist of anything like his caliber, and he never knocked any pugilist out in one round.

The fight between Sheriff and Cleary was the shortest glove fight that ever took place. The shortest in England was 5 minutes 20 seconds—two rounds, between Denny Harrington and F. Barnett, London, England, May 23, 1873. The shortest in America, between prominent pugilists, was 6 minutes 18 seconds—three rounds, between George Rooke and W. C. McClellan, Long Island City, December 1, 1881.

To show what a pugilist Sheriff is we summarize his fights. He first entered the ring on his own account, his opponent being J. Barrow, of Leicester. On this occasion the Prussian worked down his opponent in fifteen rounds, which lasted three-quarters of an hour, and from first to last he had the best of the fight.

Sheriff, twelve months later, was matched with J. Marshall, whom he defeated easily in the short space of 30 minutes. After a short interval the Prussian was to be found in the ring with Doore, and although the fight was proceeding much in his (the Prussian's) favor, darkness set in, and by the direction of the referee the fight was stopped and left undecided. In 1880 the Prussian met and defeated Fred. Orton, of Leicester, the battle lasting only 35 minutes, but it was not until the following year that Sheriff became engaged in his first important battle. On the occasion under notice his opponent turned up in the person of George Orton, brother to the Orton engaged in the previous contest.

After fighting 3 hours and 35 minutes, the position of affairs at the close of the fight was such as to warrant the referee in deciding the match in favor of the Prussian, and by mutual arrangement he drew three parts of the stakes.

The Prussian's fighting abilities were not called into requisition, and it was not till eleven years later, 1874, that he again appeared inside the ropes, when he met another member of the Orton family, Jack. In this fight, which took place in Rutlandshire, the Prussian had a comparatively easy task, and getting sharp to business succeeded in making his opponent cry content in 35 minutes, after contesting only a dozen rounds.

Another interval of six years intervened before Sheriff entered the magic circle again. In 1878 he waged to beat Badger Brown, of Northampton, in the short space of 30 minutes. The match, however, ended in a draw, the police getting scent of the affair, and interfering after the men had been fighting 13 minutes.

The Prussian then fought Denny Bulldog Harrington for £200. The fight took place at Kingswood, about 12½ miles outside Birmingham, and the Prussian won in ten rounds. It need scarcely be added that the Prussian's victory over Denny made him exceedingly popular in the Midlands where the issue of the fight was looked for with an unusual amount of interest.

He then fought a draw with Mitchell, and fought seventy-three rounds, lasting over five hours, with Jack Welsh, at Philadelphia, recently, which ended in a draw. Cleary has only fought one prize ring battle; that was with Jimmy Weeden, the light-weight pugilist, who killed Walker in the prize ring, and afterward died from the effects of that terrific battle. Cleary beat Weeden in thirty-eight rounds; after a desperate battle, which lasted 1 hour and 33 minutes.

Cleary's ambition is to be champion pugilist of America. He recently declared that he was ready to fight John L. Sullivan, the Boston pugilist, and several Philadelphia sporting men believe that he is able to defeat the champion of the Hub.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

GUNNISON, COL., April 6, 1884.

EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE, New York City:

DEAR SIR—In your issue of last week you publish a long article, I suppose, clipped from the *Denver News*, relating to the death of one D. Tom Smith, in Arizona, reflecting severely and unjustly on his divorced wife, whom I have since married. The article winds up by saying that ex-Sheriff Bowman, the present husband of the former Mrs. Smith, has absconded, being a defaulter to the county. The enclosed item taken from the *Denver News* will show you that you have done me a great injustice. I have been here all the time and exact to stay here, and am not short with anybody.

I hope you will do what you can in your next issue to repair the damage you have done me. If you need further confirmation you can get it from any prominent man in this State.

Very respectfully,

JOHN H. BOWMAN, Ex-Sheriff.

We print Mr. Bowman's letter with pleasure. Mislead by our Denver contemporary, we have done him a wrong the reports of our Colorado correspondents abundantly convince us of, and do only our duty in admitting it.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Poisonous Hissings From the Forked
Tongues of the Clowns of Society.Little Good and Much Evil from Peo-
ple Who Wouldn't be Themselves
if They were Decent.

BARRY.—Helen Barry says she "has come to stay." Tough, isn't it?

OWENS.—John E. Owens has had another close call. Poor old John.

GRAY.—Ada Gray is sick. So is her performance of *Lady Isabel* in "East Lynne."

PALMER.—Minne Palmer was presented recently to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

WEST.—Lillie West, aided and abetted by Harry Brown, is packing the Boston Bijou.

CONNOR.—Capt. Billy Connor is not going on the road with John McCullough next year. What does this mean?

HOYT.—In spite of the tremendous claque worked in its favor, Charley Hoyt's "Rag Baby" is pronounced a still-birth.

SWAIN.—Carrie Swain has got a divorce from Samuel of that ilk. Samuel bears up with a resignation which is more than touching.

O'NEIL.—They have just had Jimmy O'Neill in "Monte Christo" in Cincinnati, and, of the two, they say they prefer the riot.

TURNER.—Carrie Turner has returned to the Madison Square theatre. We said she would. The next thing in order is the inevitable divorce suit.

COWELL.—Sydney Cowell has retired from the "In the Ranks" company. No wonder. Sydney is an actress who has a professional reputation to sustain.

TERRISS.—There has been a falling out between Henry Irving and his leading man, Terriss. Irving will be supported next season by Mr. George Alexander.

ELKS.—Mr. Henry Irving, William Terriss and Mr. Joseph Hatton received their initiation into the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks on Thursday afternoon.

MAJERONI.—Signora Majeroni, a niece of Ristori's, who made a most favorable impression when she played in this country, is "hitting 'em" in "Fedora" in Australia.

BROWN.—Hip! Hip! Hoor-ray! Three cheers! Tiger! "Col. T. Allston Brown, U. S. A.," has sailed for America! Happy America! Good "Col. T. Allston Brown, U. S. A."

MARSDEN.—Fred Marsden is at work on two new plays. Whatsoever Fred has to do he does with his might, and his plays are, consequently, getting better and better every season.

MARTINOT.—Miss Sarah Martin, alias Miss Sadie Martinot, was on Broadway, Monday, looking quite old, not at all pretty, and very plainly, not to say poorly, dressed. Funny.

POMEROY.—Louise Pomeroy is playing in San Francisco, and, as usual, the San Franciscans are wondering what the deuce ever made their grandfathers think she was a great actress.

ALDRICH.—Louis Aldrich's family will remain in Paris next season. No man ever deserved better luck than Aldrich, and no man ever did more generous acts in greater secrecy.

JANAUSCHEK.—Frau Janauschek mourns the loss of her pet poodle, which paid its distinguished mistress the compliment of waiting until it was seventeen years of age before it died.

STEINER.—Who the deuce is Emma Steiner? She claims to be a courageous young woman who intends to visit "Pinafore"—in Spanish, on the helpless and unresisting natives of Mexico.

HICKEY.—John M. Hickey's "Rip Van Winkle" company has gone up, and John M. Hickey owes everybody. The inevitable destination of this foul-mouthed crank is the lunatic asylum.

HAROLD.—Lizzie Harold goes on the road again, having "recovered her health," which, being translated into the English tongue, signifieth that Wm. J. Conoley, Esq., hath "struck another boodle."

BARRYMORE.—Mrs. Barrymore has recovered her play of "Na'jesda" from Mme. Modjeska Bozenta-Chlabowski. The "Madame" is about the dearest "attraction" on the road this present year of grace.

WYATT.—Carrie Wyatt has left the stage to marry a party by the name of Lounsberry. She was a clever little actress, and might have amounted to something some day. Still, she is to be congratulated.

CAMPBELL.—Bartley Campbell's "West Point," music by E. E. Rice, is the latest menace to human peace and tranquillity. Better a blizzard or a tornado than Bart's libretto plus Ned's hand-organ score.

LAW.—French lawyers have decided that a man cannot prevent a wife from going upon the stage if she wants to. But, then, there are very few French husbands who would go out of their way to forbid the attempt.

RICHARDS.—Orrin Richards, the clever Boston scenic artist, has gone insane, and been removed to a private asylum. It is a great wonder that more scenic artists don't lose their minds, seeing the sort of people they have to meet and the kind of work they have to do nowadays.

STINSON.—Little Fred. Stinson has gone into bankruptcy. Liabilities, \$5,000; assets, nil. Fred. is the lawful husband of Sadie Martinot, and achieved reputation originally by causing it to be telegraphed all over the country some years ago that he had committed suicide.

PENNOYER.—Gus Pennoyer will be Lotta's manager next season. The job was offered to E. J. Kidder, who declined, with thanks, having had "an elegant sufficiency" of the little lady's pranks and whims and tantrums.

WALL.—Harry Wall will come out more than even on the Lytton Southern enterprise. This is doing wonderfully well, all things considered, for a season in

which even Robson & Crane confess that they have only netted \$30,000 apiece.

EH?—It is reported in San Francisco that John A. Stevens owes his California company two weeks' salary. Stevens, it will be remembered, is the gentleman who tried to make a fortune by starring Harry Lee and Sarah Jewett.

MILES & BARTON.—It is reported that Miles & Barton intend to buy the Bijou theatre. If they do, and manage it properly, they have got a bonanza in prospective. Two more popular managers never set up their Ebenezer in New York.

CHERIE.—Adelaide, who is a very ripe Cherie, indeed, is now devastating the State of Michigan with "Only a Farmer's Daughter." She used to be a handsome woman and a clever actress until she got poisoned by the Gardiner swamp-sunach.

STONE.—Den Stone, a veteran circus-man, whose reminiscences would fill three volumes, goes with Burr Robbins this year. His description of the killing by Romeo of his keeper is one of the most interesting yarns ever spun by an old snowman.

FLAGG.—Georgie Flagg, a charming little lady and a brilliant young actress, has shown her good sense by marrying a newspaper man. The lucky winner of this prize Flagg is Mr. Tom Mosler, the bright young city editor of the Buffalo Express.

CORELL.—It is a pleasure to see Blanche Corell back again in New York. She is the charm of the cast of "La Vie," and sings and acts like a real artist. Blanche, by the way, looks twice as pretty as she did when she last appeared in the metropolis.

AN AMERICANISM.—In advertising "Nita's First," the recent success at the London, Eng., Strand theatre, the manager caused the streets to be paraded by a small army of "sandwich men," each of them bearing a dummy-baby in hood and scarlet cloak.

CLEVES.—Ha! ha! What did we tell you? Here's Lillian Cleaves, "who has been very ill lately," announcing that "she will be seen on the stage again soon." Poor lady, fair Lillian! When she isn't sick she's starring, and when she isn't starring she's sick.

SULLIVAN.—Sir Arthur Sullivan, having abandoned the various bad practices to which he was addicted, is now on the high road to recovery. The general joy will be much increased if he will pledge his honor to abstain from writing any more "comic" operas.

WELBY.—Bertha Welby has disappeared again, and they are dragging the Western states with scalpsets and grappling irons in a desperate hope to find her time-honored remains. They would look well among the other mummies in the Smithsonian Institute.

THE OLD GAG.—"M. Almy Aldrich, of Milwaukee, Wis., a newspaper man, has written a play entitled 'On Guard,' and a New York manager will produce it in several of the large cities." Of course he will. "A New York manager" is just the sort of man to do it, too.

SANDERSON.—Jolly Harry Sanderson, Tony Pastor's right-hand man and the best fellow in the business, made between \$700 and \$800 by his benefit. Mrs. Pastor, who is as generous as she is pretty, presented him with a handsome solid silver tea-set. Lucky Harry!

TOUCHING.—We find the following mournful news in our lively neighbor, the *Skinner*. From a theatrical point of view 'tis a great blow: "The Cummings—Dick and Ida—now playing at the Theatre Comique, Duluth, Minn., have lost their favorite acting-dog, Jumbo."

BOSH.—Of course Adelina Patti is not going to return to the Marquis de Caux. He used to insult and ill-treat her, gamble her money away and neglect her for the society of professional courtesans. Besides, she is married to Nicolini, who adores her, and of whom she is as fond as a creature so cold-blooded and selfish can be.

FALSE ALARM.—The young ladies of her chorus, whom Emma Abbott wants to marry off to an equal number of male chorists, indignantly refuse to be disposed of in that manner. It is hinted that the scheme was an economical dodge of the irascible Wetherill, who thought that he could make one-and-a-half salaries do for two.

WARDE.—Fred Warde, who was never anything else than a rather queer and horribly conventional heavy actor of the English provincial school, is getting "puffed" and "gagged" round the country just as if he were a real live star. This may be fun for those who are doing it, but it must be as unprofitable as it is expensive.

GRUBB.—The young lady who played the blind girl in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and who is getting a good deal of sympathetic advertising round the country as having nearly lost her sight in reality through her devotion to her "art," is Miss "Maud Stuart" on the bills, and Miss Sallie Grubb when she gets home of a night.

MATHER.—It is darkly rumored that the talented young tragedienne who represents Washington Market on the modern stage under the name of Margaret Mather, is to figure very shortly as one of the personages of a domestic complication. Let us hope not, in the interest of J. M. Hill, who is one of the best fellows in the world.

HERMANN.—There seems to be no foundation for the gleefully received report that Hermann, the prestidigitator, has met his death by drowning. If he has died suddenly his disease was the result of a broken heart caused by carelessly handing a nickel to a news-boy instead of a cent. Except in this respect, Hermann is tough, very tough.

BOOTH.—Edwin Booth entertained Henry Irving at breakfast the other morning. The festal board fairly groaned under its fragrant load of coffee and cakes, fishballs, hash and salt mackerel. Irving told Andrew Dam, in the strictest confidence, that he had never sat down to such a breakfast in all his life before. We quite believe him.

CLAYBURGH.—Ed. Clayburgh, who continues to be the idol of Koster & Bial's of an afternoon, and who is called by envious beholders of his fashionable splendor "The Sheeney Dude," has put in an answer to his wife's complaint in her suit for a divorce. He says he was never cruel to her. He seems to forget that he used to call himself her husband.

HOYT.—Henry E. Hoyt, the scene-painter, one of the best artists and warmest-hearted gentlemen who ever put brush in distemper, has just suffered a

terrible bereavement in the death of his only child, to whom he was profoundly attached. There are some sorrows too deep and sacred to be jarred even by sympathy and condolence, and this is one.

FUND.—The New England theatres are going to get up an Actors' Fund of their own. They are sick of the New York concern, to which they usually contribute between \$2,000 and \$3,000 a year, and whose allowance, averaging \$200, is doled out "with too much formality and red tape." It is safe to bet that there won't be an Actors' Fund anywhere three years from now.

CLAPHAM.—The *Skinner* has lost a good deal of its advertising through the interference of a busy-body, who reminded George and Harry Clapham that no matter what they thought of each other they were, at all events, the sons of the same mother. The consequent "tumble" of the two must be a great blow to people who like to see brothers throw dirt at each other.

LOSEE.—Frank Losee is the latest accession to the grand army of prospective pedestrians. He is to "star" next season in "Gabriel Conroy." Nobody has any clear idea what Mr. Losee has done to entitle him to that dignity, unless it be the fact that ten years ago he was a very affable and obliging salesman in a paper-collar and gents' furnishing goods establishment.

DUNCAN.—The new tenor of the Bijou ought to try and do something else besides emulating the beauty of a barber's block. Let him take a lesson or two from Mansfield, or Long, or Reed, and learn to act. He is undoubtedly just too sweet to live from a spectacular point of view, but first tenors in comic operas are expected to do something beyond mere mashing.

WARD.—Arabi Pasha, who is a home-sick exile in Ceylon, received a visit from Genevieve Ward during her trip round the world. The unhappy Egyptian says that her visit reconciled him to his fate. Two years ago he thought it the bitterest on earth, but now he can understand that there is one even more terrible to wit: the necessity to go and see Genevieve Ward act.

BARNUM.—Another P. T. Barnum is to enter the show business. He hopes to make a fortune on the strength of his name. The old original P. T. B. is as mad as a hornet, and talks of having recourse to the law to stop his hated rival. Bosh! He had a good deal better bend his energies to proving that white elephants are so called because they are of a dirty slate color, trimmed with brown pink.

GOOD.—Miss Stella De Vere, a change artist in Germany, was engaged last January by J. Alexander Brown, but failed to come, having lost all her baggage on the steamer from Hamburg to Liverpool. She sued the steamship company and was awarded \$1,000 damages. Pretty good when one recalls the fact that Miss De Vere's entire professional wardrobe consists of a pair of tights and a winning smile.

DOWD.—Oliver Dowd Byrne is going to England this summer. Ada Rehan, who hopes to mash the British swells in Daly's company, is in dreadful agony for fear he should claim to be her brother-in-law over there. The Britishers themselves are equally alarmed by a rumor that Oliver Byrne Dowd, or Bolivar Byrne Dowd, or whatever his name is, intends to revive the fearsome "Hamlet" of his early youth.

CONFUSION.—Was there ever anything more appropriately named than the play with which John Stetson, otherwise known as "Gentleman John," is floundering and fuddling at present? His Mordant-Gerard company has been "gathered in," and his other troupe is playing to wretched business. Stetson, by the way, through some extraordinary accident, was an invited guest at the latest banquet of the Potluck Club. They haven't got over it yet, and Bob Roosevelt, the champion amateur angler of the country, says he never saw a fish really out of water until he set eyes on "Gentleman John," dressed as a middle-aged dude, and endeavoring to "make a stiff mash" of the belles of Murray Hill. It must have been funny.

A NEW YORK letter recently attributed Mr. George C. Miln's success in Brooklyn to the bar of a wealthy uncle. This calls forth an indignant protest from Mr. Miln, in which that gentleman denies the allegation that he has ever had an uncle, and further states that he has never spent a single dollar for the purpose of influencing opinion on his work as an actor. Nobody who has heard an opinion on his work as an actor will ever believe that Mr. Miln "put up sugar" to secure it.

RICE.—The managerial Mark Tapley has never been so buoyant as he is just now. He fairly brims over with good humor and delight, due to the fact that Irene Perry, John Mackay and all the other stars of his "Pop" company have left his employment. Charlie Rice, by the way, has invented a process by which steam-engines can be driven without fuel. This is equivalent to Mark Tapley Rice's great discovery of the possibility of running two theatrical companies without a bank account.

MARBLE.—Ned Marble is the most recent case of a redundancy of wives in the "profession." The title to him of pretty Maud Stuart, about whom some very affecting gags were written when she was a member of the Madison Square company, is much disputed by a previous Mrs. Marble. The usual "theatrical scandal" head-line, which is kept stereotyped in most newspaper offices, will soon be in great demand. Edward is not beautiful, nor, to a superficial observer, are his charms sufficiently great to explain his numerous conquests among the fair sex.

STUART.—Mr. Clinton Stuart, otherwise known as "The Walzing Ham," gave a performance of such execrable incompetency in *Mac Henderson's* version of "Le Maitre des Forges," that between the acts several gentlemen sought earnestly and eagerly for a store in which eggs and cabbages might be bought cheap for cash. Mr. Stuart is a middle-aged young man, who belongs to the Brander Matthews order of literary "dudes," and whose appearance on the stage cannot be seen without a feeling of wrath, closely akin to frenzy.

PERUGINI.—What fearful news! Perugini, our own sweet, pretty Perry, sails for Europe on the 21st of May, and, be it whispered mournfully, thinks he'll never, never come back again to this horrid nasty country. How unutterably, unspeakably, infernally dreadful! The mind recoils from contemplating a whole season at the Casino until by the beautiful illumination of Perugini's visage and undivided by the graceful eccentricities of Perugini's legs. Still, we must brace up and face that awful prospect as best we can.

CHARLES ROWELL,

Champion Long-Distance Pedestrian, and Trump
Card of the Coming Six-day Walking Match.

[With Portrait.]

Charles Rowell, champion long-distance pedestrian of the world, by virtue of thrice winning the Astley belt, the typical badge of honor of this class of athletics, was born on the border of the Fens, at a village named Chesterton, about fifty miles from London, England, on Aug. 12, 1853, and is now in his thirty-first year. He stands 5 feet 6 inches in height, and stripped for a protracted journey weighs in the vicinity of 145 pounds. He is a fine general athlete, and has made a good showing at several branches of athletic and aquatic sport. As a long-distance pedestrian, Rowell first came into prominence when he competed in the first race for the Astley belt. The contest took place at Agricultural Hall, London, October, 1876, and was won by the English pedestrian, William Corkey. Rowell finished third with a score of 400½ miles, and then it was that good judges prognosticated that he was the coming man at the game. He went into this race without any great preparation and throughout the struggle was close on the heels of the experienced pedestrians Corkey and Henry (Blower) Brown (recently deceased). Since then Rowell's performances are known to the world, and he is the only pedestrian who has ever won a championship belt three times in succession. His best score is not the best on record, but his averages are better than those of any long-distance pedestrian who has ever made a bid for fame. Rowell first won the Astley belt at Madison Square Garden, this city, March 10-15, 1879, rolling up a score of 500 miles 180 yards in 140 hours, and defeating John Ennis, Charles Harriman and Daniel O'Leary. His share of the stakes and gate money in this race was \$25,000.

In June, 1879, he was obliged to forfeit the belt to Edward Payson Weston, owing to an injury to his foot—Weston won with 500 miles in 142 hours, defeating Blower Brown and R. Harding.

The third contest for the belt took place at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 22-27, 1879, and Rowell won with a score of 630 miles, defeating Merritt, Hassel, Hart, Guyon, Weston, Ennis, Krohne, Taylor, Ferdineyer, Jackson, Pancho and Dutcher.

The fourth contest for the trophy was decided at Agricultural Hall, London, and Rowell again won, making 500 miles, then the best on record. Littlewood was second, Dobler third, Brown, Harry Howard and William Pegram being the other competitors. It was in this race that Rowell scored 145 miles 251 yards during the first 24 hours.

The fifth and last contest for the Astley Belt took place at Marble Road, Clapham, London, June 30-28, 1881, and Rowell won without a struggle.

His next effort was in March, 1882, at the Madison Square Garden, in this city, in the race for the championship. Here he met all the champions of the world, and in his effort to roll up a score of 700 miles in the week, disabled himself so that he retired on the fifth day with 415 miles to his credit. On the first day of this race he scored 180 miles in 28 hours, a feat which has never been repeated in a six-day race. His score for the first three days was 333 miles, and at the conclusion of the third day's work he was confident of finishing the week with 575 miles. But the strain told on Friday, and, despite his earnest entreaties to be permitted to go on, he was forced from the track by his attendants, who knew that if he continued there would be no hope of ever getting him in shape for another long race. It was his unparalleled feat of the first three days which cost him the great victory which Hassel secured. Six hundred miles won the trophy and \$18,350.51.

In October, 1882, Rowell, after a long rest on his farm in England, again visited this country, and was immediately challenged to a six-day race by Patrick Fitzgerald, who finished second to Hassel in the last race with 577 miles 220 yards. Rowell looked like a thoroughly recuperated and strong man, and he started confident of regaining his lost laurels. Again he met the cream of the six-day go-as-you-please pedestrians, and, from the first, it was a hot chase. The doughty little Englishman, who, by this time, was known the world over as "handsome Charley," stuck to his task like the game fellow he is, but on the third day, when he had Hughes licked, he was stricken with malaria fever, and was again ordered by his attending physicians to leave the track. If any one ever doubted Rowell's genuineness, this was the time to put those doubts away. Even when he was told that it was sure death to continue, he laughed, despite his pain, and pleaded to be allowed to jog on. On the following day, Thursday, he began work with a score of 311 miles, being only 1 mile behind the leader, Hughes, who was virtually done. Rowell trotted around, but he looked pale and haggard and his eyes were sunken and had a glassy look. The doctors soon perceived his condition and ordered his manager to take him from the track. When he was called and told to retire he cried like a child and never ceased to beg for another "try at the boys." Since this sad scene Charley Rowell's gameness has never been questioned, and it has done not meet with any unforeseen accident between this and the start of the big race on Monday, April 23, the patrons of long-distance pedestrianism will be afforded another opportunity of seeing the "star" pedestrian of the world make another effort to place his name at the top. His whole year's rest in England has completely restored him to health, and he now looks and acts like a man of iron. His daily preparation for the contest is taken at Brooklyn, and it is a poor day's work when he fails to do better than 30 miles.

Rowell's "dog-trot" is well adapted to the go-as-you-please style of locomotion. He is not a good walker, having a short stride and a rather cramped action, but he trots fast and far, and seemingly never tires. He is modest and unassuming, and numbers as many friends on this side of the Atlantic as he does in his own country, where he is a great favorite.

The coming race, which is under the management of Mr. Peter Duryea, promises to be the greatest of all the big six-day tournaments held in the world. The best men of both hemispheres are in training for the event, and with good weather and no accidents it is almost certain that 600 miles will be beaten. The starters will include Rowell, Fitzgerald, Noremac, Vint, Herty (the "Boston Boy," who is looked upon as the dangerous man in the race), Hassel, Hart, Smith, Burrell, Harry Howard, a Minnesota Indian, who is said to be a veritable wonder, Campana ("Old Sport"), and Wallace, of Chicago. The race will begin immediately after midnight on Monday, April 23, and the admission to the Garden during the week will be 50 cents.



NICOLÒ VITA,

AN ITALIAN COUNTERFEITER ARRESTED IN NEW YORK BY AGENT DRUMMOND OF THE UNITED STATES DETECTIVE FORCE.

Indignant over his arrest and incarceration and at the "showing up" of his career by the newspapers. This official also says there is little, if any, doubt of the prisoner's guilt of the crime charged. "Rev." Kendrick is fifty years old, 6 feet tall, weighs 200 pounds, has dark complexion, eyes and hair. He says his occupation is that of an agent.

John M. Welch, a Hudson, N. Y., lawyer, writing to Superintendent Quigley about Kendrick, said: "His record is bad here. I have three of his notes with which he obtained from my client a span of horses worth \$1,000. He is a bad fellow. Was in several scrapes here."

Elwood S. Ela, formerly of Decatur, Ill., in a letter about Kendrick said: "Two years ago, while publishing a paper in that place, a man from Washington, D. C., calling himself T. T. Kendrick (Titus Tunis) came there as a preacher, and, for a time, was a very popular

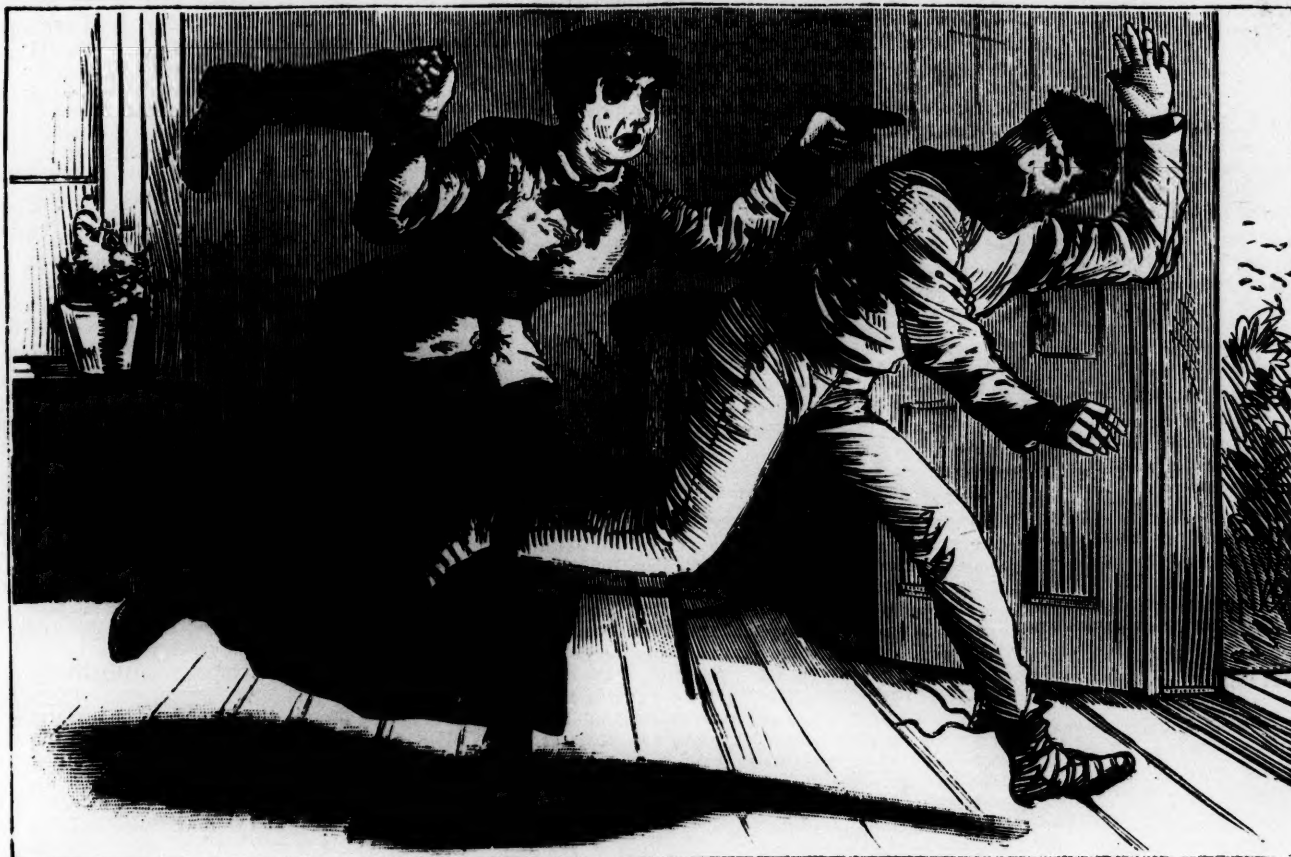
An Ex-Preacher's Home Circuit.

Rev., or ex-Rev. Titus T. Kendrick was arrested in Troy, N. Y., April 9, on the charge of getting credit on bogus notes of \$500, purporting to have been issued by a loan company in Washington in 1877 and to be secured by real estate in that city. He has preached on the Methodist circuits in this and other States. He is now in jail there awaiting examination. Superintendent of Police Quigley, of Troy, informs us that the ex-preacher is very



AN OCEAN TRAMP.

CAPT. TRAYNOR IN HIS DORY, RANDALL D. BIBBER, IN WHICH HE PROPOSES TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.



A FREEBOOTER.

HOW AN ENRAGED PORTLAND, ME., WOMAN DROVE HER HUSBAND OUT OF DOORS AND THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE.

occupant of the city pulpits. I got hold of his record and made it hot for him. He was finally expelled from all the churches and dropped socially. His resemblance to John A. Logan (Senator) is stronger than that to Ben Butler. He had a pleasant tenor voice. He was an eloquent speaker, but we found that his pulpit addresses were mostly reproductions of the efforts of abler men than himself. When he came to Decatur, he brought parchment credentials from the New York East Methodist Conference. His pleasant manner made him many friends, some of them the most wealthy and influential people in the city. I found the first paragraph derogatory to his character in an Ohio paper, and following up this clue learned that he had lived in Washington, D. C., Annapolis, Md., Brooklyn, N. Y., and that he had a wife, whom he did not support, at Xenia, Ohio. At all of these places his record was bad. In Brooklyn he had been in jail for obtaining a horse under false pretenses. He had been expelled from the New York East Conference and his credentials had been demanded."

Macaroni Counterfeits.

Philip Santori and Nicolo Vita, Italians, were arrested by Secret Service Agent Drummond, April 9, in this city, and taken before United States Commissioner Shields to answer a charge of passing counterfeit ten-cent and twenty-



PHILIP SANTORI,

ONE OF THE MACARONI SHOVERS OF THE QUEER, BROUGHT TO GRIEF BY UNITED STATES OFFICERS.

A Ten-Year-Old Murderer.

At Leavenworth, Kan., April 16, Silas and George Edmunds and George Holloway got into a dispute and Holloway, aged ten, drew a revolver and shot Silas Edmunds, aged fourteen, in the head, inflicting a mortal wound. The quarrel was about the possession of a dirk-knife, which each claimed. Holloway escaped, but has since been captured and lodged in jail.



TITUS TUNIS KENDRICK,

AN EX-METHODIST CLERGYMAN ARRESTED AT TROY, N. Y., ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY.



BEAUTY IN CHAINS.

HOW MISS SADIE M'CLANAGHAN WAS KEPT ON A DIET OF BREAD AND WATER BY HER CRUEL BETRAYER, AT SCRANTON, PA.

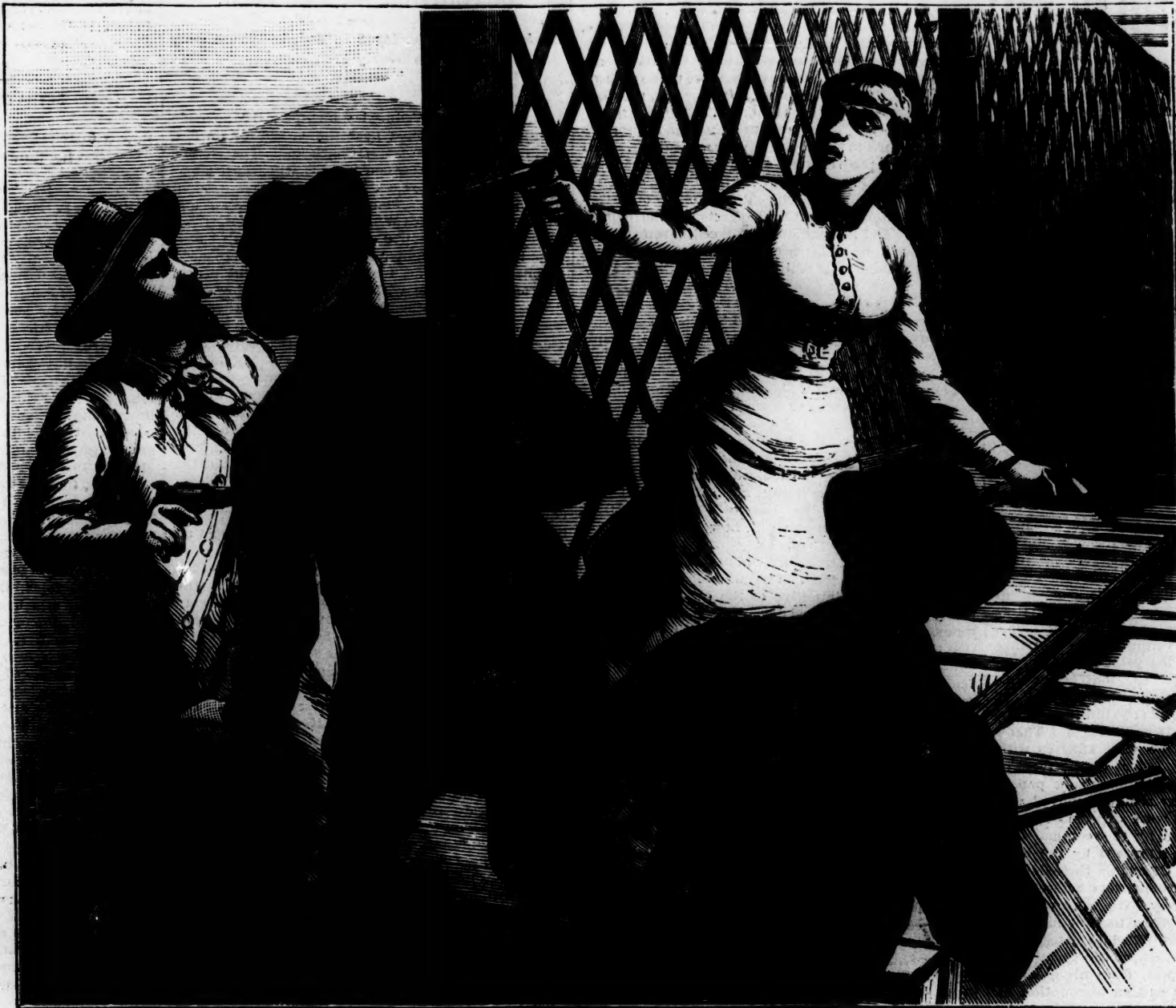
A Murderer Saved By His Wife.

A murderer escaped arrest a few days ago at Wharton, Texas, through the pluck of his wife. Her courage might have been used in a better direction, but still she must be allowed due credit for heroism under the circumstances. A row occurred in a saloon on Sunday, April 13, which resulted in the death of an esteemed young man named C. S. Bythwood at the hands of a professional gambler known as James L. Mattison.

"I can whip any man in Wharton county," boasted the gambler.

"Is that remark directed to me?" inquired Mr. Bythwood. Without replying the gambler drew his revolver, and in rapid succession fired five times at young Bythwood, two of the bullets passing through his heart. Before falling Bythwood succeeded in firing twice at his antagonist, though without effect. The young man died instantly.

Immediately after the tragedy Mattison fled toward the railroad bridge over the Colorado river, in the neighborhood of which himself and wife lived. An alarm was given, and shortly after the shooting the sheriff and a posse were in hot pursuit. Arriving at the bridge, half a mile away, the pursuing party met an unexpected obstacle. Standing near the entrance of the bridge was the wife of the murderer, who, with drawn revolver, disputed the passage of the party. She held the authorities at bay, realizing that every minute put distance be-



A GAMBLER'S WIFE AT BAY.

HOW JIM MATTISON'S WIFE DEFIED A SHERIFF'S POSSE AND HELD THE BRIDGE WHILE HER MURDEROUS HUSBAND ESCAPED, AT WHARTON, TEXAS.

tween her fleeing husband and those who sought to capture him. Finally the party charged the bridge and succeeded in arresting the devoted wife, but not until she had shot twice at the sheriff. Her

gallant defense of the bridge enabled her husband to escape, and he is still at large, though the pursuit is still in progress. If taken Mattison will probably be lynched, as his victim has many friends in Wharton.

whisky. Spofford now claims that he had a plan arranged for the capture of the murderer, but that the State authorities interfered. The people don't understand why the sheriff and murderer should be in confidential intercourse.

"Bristling With Thorns."

A serious altercation took place in the office of the Delevan House, Albany, N. Y., April 10, between O. L. Atterman, a prominent Republican politician, and John Delongue, a Southern fire-eater, the latter being badly pounded by Mr. Atterman. The difficulty arose over a dispute about Beard's new book, "Bristling With Thorns," which had just made its appearance there. Delongue swore that the book was a tissue of lies and the invention of an infernal Yankee, and said Beard and all his sympathizers ought to be hung. Atterman slapped Delongue's face, when the latter drew a revolver, which was speedily taken from him.

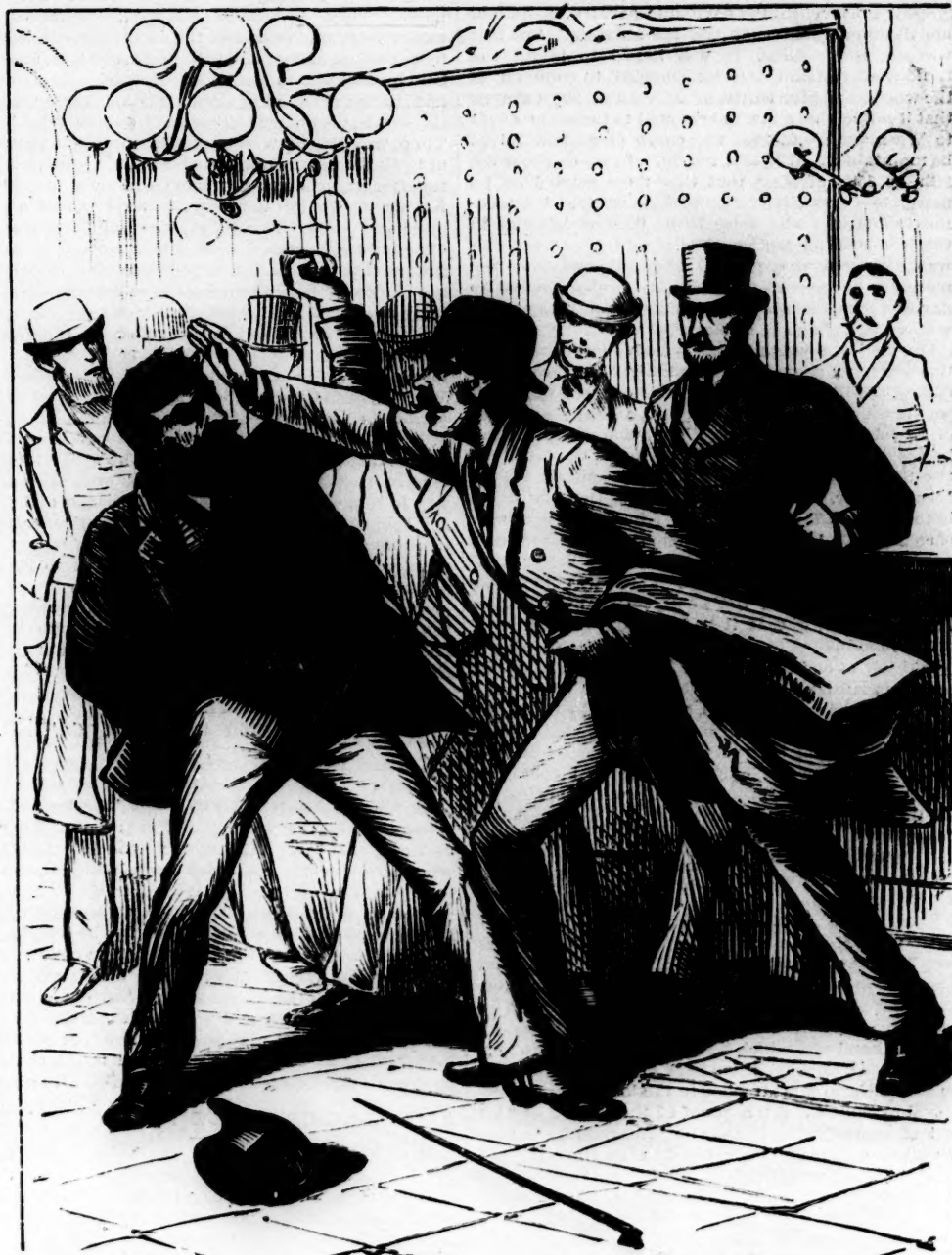
Bad Cash in Canada.

Sheriff Spofford, of Chesterfield county, S. C., asserts that Boggan Cash, the murderer, is now in Canada. He says that he received a letter from Boggan from Meridian, Miss., while he was on his way to Canada, and that he has heard from him since his arrival there, stating that he would come back to be tried when it suited his convenience or pleasure. Spofford is the gallant sheriff who went to the elder Cash's house to arrest Boggan after the murder of Richards, and who, instead of arresting Cash, got drunk. It is said, on Cash's



GALL FOR DRINK.

HOW THE DEVICE OF "THE FELLOW THAT LOOKS LIKE THIS" IS BEING WORKED ON THE CONFIDING VITIOL COMPOUNDERS OF THE METROPOLIS.



A SLAP-DASH CRITICISM.

THE FORCIBLE WAY IN WHICH THE MERITS OF COL. BEARD'S BOOK, "BRISTLING WITH THORNS," WAS ARGUED IN THE LOBBY OF THE DELAVAN HOUSE, ALBANY.

CONTRABAND NEWS

NO. XIII.

THE GREAT RAILROAD RAID.

AN ARMY SENT OUT TO STEAL OLD IRON.

How the Rebels Traded Rusty Rails for New Ones--A Job the Dismal Swamp Owls Made Fun of--A Military Picnic Party Comes to Grief.

This plan was considered a big thing, a stroke of genius, and was highly approved by the Washington satraps. There were officers of experience who thought it a stupid and playmate sort of employment for forty thousand brave soldiers, this guarding of three hundred niggers stealing railroad iron. But they didn't count in those days, and as for their opinions, the reporters dared not even commit them to paper or breathe them aloud, much less print them. On the contrary, they wisely took their cue that everything was lovely and rosy and patriotic, and all that. It was the only way to keep peace in the military family and keep yourself clear of Dry Tortugas. That's where they sent reporters who were afflicted with chronic truth-telling. Obeying orders in the form of the broadest sort of a hint, we all wrote to our papers mysteriously that "a glorious strategic move" was afoot, and that great results were expected from a plan which had been devised by the commanding General, and which had been approved by the high authorities at Washington. Of course these letters were opened and read at headquarters before they were allowed to go on their way. We were positive they would be, but if our experience had not made us sure of that, we could not have failed to detect that our remarks had reached the eye of the great military genius commanding the post, from his glacial unbending toward us and his sudden assumption of suave manners of condescension. It wouldn't do to send too big a force out on the expedition. It would scare all the ragged invalid rebels clear out of sight, and nothing short of a march clear on to Petersburg, or may be Richmond, would bring us even a skirmish. Two brigades and a battery of artillery constituted the force. Col. Follansby, of the Sixth Massachusetts, commanded the brigade in advance, and Col. Mat. Murphy had a brigade following made up of several regiments of Corcoran's Legion. In the force were a couple of regiments which had been enlisted for nine months only. They had loafed away their time at Suffolk, and having never been under fire, were as green as the day they first shouldered a musket as raw recruits.

—Spear's Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, a gallant and dashing organization, did the scouting. And this was the whole force. It was hoped to tempt the timid enemy, with this weak showing, to come out of the woods and give battle, or at least to fire a shot so that it might give a martial resound to the reports sent to Washington—all that the camp at Suffolk might be maintained. It was a red-hot afternoon about the 14th or 15th of May that this force started on its march to Carversville, followed by a wretched detachment of darkies who were to be used as laborers in the iron-stealing tactics. Not a soul obstructed the way. We took it easy until nightfall, and then the march was accelerated, the cavalry having scouted by daylight for miles ahead and found everything clear, with no sign of an enemy anywhere.

The road was wretched as we advanced, and a portion which we passed over at midnight led through an edge of the Dismal Swamp. Water covered the roadway to the depth of a foot or more, and the darkness of Erebus was around us. The men damned, the horses floundered, the artillery (I forgot to state that the Seventh Massachusetts battery, commanded by Lieut. Farrar, was a part of the expedition) got stuck in the mud, and the whole force found itself in a state of confusion. Ah! Had the doughty Roger swooped down on us then, where would we have been? But he didn't. No one disturbed us. There was no sound but our own oaths and the hoots of the owls, which kept up a chorus that it required no great stretch of the imagination to make one think was an outcry of derision at our sorry plight and our ridiculous object of campaign. At last Gen. Foster, who commanded the advance (he was superseded by Getty the next day), ordered immense bonfires to be built along the swamp road at intervals of two or three hundred feet, and by this weird light the bewildered troops got into order and wended their way forward once more. We halted at 2 A. M. at Carversville and slept soundly. At daybreak the work of removing the rails began. Col. Follansby's brigade was sent out to the front toward the Blackwater to see if it couldn't find a fight, and Mat. Murphy and his New York Irishers were held in reserve for what might turn up. Meantime a strong force of laborers had been laying rails following our advance, and pretty soon we heard the toot of our locomotive. The darkies at work on the rebel railroad yanked up the rusty rails with the greatest ease, and loading them on hand-cars which had been brought out in baggage wagons, dragged them back and deposited them on the platform cars attached to the locomotive for removal to Suffolk. As a proof of the wisdom of this sort of campaigning, it may be remarked here that when our engine and train ran in with the rusty old rebel rails, and we retired to Suffolk with the object of our campaign accomplished, the enemy repaired their road with the new rails we had laid on our temporary road, and which we had abandoned on our retirement. They gained considerable by the exchange. But the military genius at Suffolk gained his coveted glory, and that was sufficient. No one dared state this one little fact which made the entire movement ridiculous. At last, at 10 A. M., Col. Follansby, feeling his way through the country cautiously, got what he went after. He developed Gen. Pryor's line of battle sud-

denly in the edge of a wood where rifle-plots had been dug, and a severe firing broke out. Follansby was driven back by the onslaught of the rebel brigade, and took position at Hebron Church, a little country meeting-house. The savage outbreak of the enemy was a surprise. It was something more than had been expected. The dandy young aide-de-camp, who had come out accompanying the expedition for a lark, began to exchange glances at this, and made preparations to return to their snug quarters at Suffolk. This savagery of the rebel chief, the Lawyer Pryor, was not what they had bargained for in the line of glory. Among those who had come out for motives of curiosity was Dr. Hand, the medical director of the department. He and the staff officers agreed to return at an early opportunity, for fear of any untoward consequences in the way of indiscriminate slaughter. They insisted on having a strong cavalry escort for fear of the guerrillas supposed to infest the road to the rear between the advanced post and Suffolk. They took precious good care of themselves, those dainty chaps, you may depend. The writer of this rambling but true history wished to accompany this select party, his horse having cast a shoe and been lamed in the scurry on the Blackwater when Pryor made his first impetuous onslaught and scared the wits out of the martial dilettante. The humble scribe, having little faith in the tactics or wisdom at headquarters, wished to go back and provide himself with a fresh horse capable of running away at a lively gallop before he witnessed any more fighting in that vicinity. The select party, however, gave him the cold shoulder; so, early in the morning, he started on his return alone over the dismal, unguarded road. The woods were ringing with strange calls imitative of the owl, which were rather suspicious in broad day. The solitary traveler remembered the stories of the bivouac to the effect that the rebel bushwhackers were in the habit of signaling each other by means of such sounds. This reflection, you may well believe, did not conduce a peaceful frame of mind, and when, on making a turn in the road, he saw three butternut uniforms disappearing among the trees, his heart went clean up in his throat with a mental "I told you so" sort of bound. He drew up suddenly, but on looking behind him saw three other men of similar forbidding rig and aspect crouching at the roadside two or three hundred feet distant. Here he was, between the two parties and regularly caught. Visions of old Libby flashed through his mind as he desperately resolved to move on his way. Of course, he expected nothing better than a summons to surrender. Running for it was out of the question, even if his horse were not lame. He jogged on. He was aware of the close scrutiny of the men in ambush as he passed, and the gleam of a rifle gave him a start in the quick apprehension that the shot was to come before the challenge. But neither came—neither the shot nor the challenge. He passed on unmolested. The party in ambush was watching for the bigger game—Doctor Hand and his carefully guarded party of staff officers, which was coming a short distance behind the reporter. Two miles further on toward Suffolk the reporter met a cavalry scouting party, and detailed his adventure. The officer "dropped to the racket," as the worldling of to-day would put it, and started his men on a trot for the point indicated as the ambush. The reporter went on to Suffolk and returned over the same road with a fresh young horse that made the journey in a canter in less than half the time consumed in the return trip of the morning. The road five miles from Carversville was obstructed by scouting parties. They were looking for Doctor Hand and his party. They had been attacked, several of the escort killed and wounded, the doctor himself injured by the fall of his horse, which had been slain, and the bold bushwhackers had taken the survivors prisoners and carried them off by some circuitous route through the woods, around our forces and into the rebel lines. There was general wailing and damning and gnashing of teeth among the uniformed people around, but the reporter, try as he might, could not coax himself to feel sorry. On the contrary, he experienced a very cruel and un-Christian joy at this result, and was inclined rather to regard it as a fine sample of poetic justice than a great calamity—something in the nature of a moral lesson in regard to selfishness and pop-injary airs. It is an ill wind that blows no one good. The reporter chuckled over the reflection that but for the exclusiveness of this dandy party he might have made one of them. Made one of them? Whew! What a train of reflections sprang from that point. Might have made one of the dead men, like the poor orderlies of the escort. Might have stopped one of the bullets that missed a mark, because he wasn't there to receive it. Might have been at that moment on his way to Richmond under a guard of ragged and hungry Johnnies. Truly, there was cause for congratulation that those bushwhackers were men of dainty discrimination, too, and that they preferred to let the scribe go by and gather in the troop of rich Pharisees journeying in state hard-by. And how fortunate that the Pharisees wouldn't let him journey with them, and that they came so close behind to attract attention from him to their superior qualities.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WILDEST KIND OF A BOY CHAINED.

Mexican exchanges, of recent date, have a harrowing story of which the following is a synopsis: "A wild boy was recently caught in the Santa Rosa mountains, in the vicinity of Tancanbulta. He was carried to that town and put in a well-fenced garden, where he greedily consumed fruit, lettuce, roses and the roots of several plants. He never spoke nor appeared to notice those who went to feed him. He seemed perfectly harmless, but one day he seized a little child, three years of age, and began to eat it. The child's cries attracted attention, but before assistance reached the spot the young savage had devoured the flesh of the right arm and a part of the face. On seeing the child was about to be taken away, he squeezed it to death in his arms. The wild youth is now chained up, but his captors are at a loss what to do with him."

A SALOON-KEEPER BLOWS OFF A MARSHAL'S HEAD.

At Mitchell, Dakota, April 9, Hank Lewis, a notorious desperado, keeper of a liquor store, murdered City Marshal T. J. Pierce. A city ordinance requires all liquor shops to close at night at a designated hour, and Lewis announced that he would break the law with impunity and threatened to shed the blood of the officer who should arrest him. Officer Ellen ordered him to close his store, but he refused. Ellen undertook to arrest Lewis, and sought the assistance of City Marshal Pierce and some citizens. Pierce went to the store and attempted to arrest Lewis when the latter fired, partly blowing the officer's brains out.

BUTCHERED AND BURNED.

An Aged Couple Murdered in Bed, in Which They Were Nearly Cremated.

About 10 o'clock Wednesday night, April 9, a double murder was committed near the village of Rardin, Ill., six miles northeast of Charleston. The victims were Nehemiah Fleetwood and his wife, aged sixty-eight and seventy years. The Fleetwoods lived in a two-story house. They slept down stairs, and the hired man, James Winkleback, occupied the room directly above them, while across the hall, up stairs, slept the grown daughter, Emma. At about 10 o'clock Emma was partly aroused, and heard Winkleback, she thought, talking with the old folks below. She dropped off to sleep again, and some time afterward she heard another noise below, but was not wide awake enough to know whether it was the sound of a revolver or blows with a hammer. Again she went to sleep, but was soon awakened by the smell of smoke. She saw that the house was on fire, and called across the hall to wake Winkleback. He pretended to just wake up, and told her that she could not get down that way (the stairs leading from Winkleback's room to the room below occupied by the old folks), but she burst through the room and down the stairs to the old folks' bedroom. With hurried efforts she put out the fire and cried out to Winkleback to run for help to the neighbors. He brought no help until he had been sent the second time.

After putting out the fire the daughter found the dead bodies of her father and mother lying in the charred remains of the bedstead. Their clothes were burned from their bodies. Stove wood had been brought in and placed on the bed to feed the fire. Neighbors arrived and found that Fleetwood had been murdered before the fire was kindled. The old man's head had been crushed, and was completely severed from the body. His wife had been shot, the ball passing in at the corner of her eye. Her throat was also cut from ear to ear.

Circumstances point to Winkleback as the murderer, although he denies all knowledge of the crime. When it was suggested to search the well for the missing ax he protested that he had left the ax in the woods. The well was pumped dry, and in the bottom was found Winkleback's own ax covered with blood and gray hairs. Signs of blood were also found on his trousers. Winkleback was arrested, and the sheriff started with him for the jail at Charleston, as a crowd of five hundred persons, who had collected at the scene, threatened to lynch him. A revolver, which Winkleback acknowledged as his, was found with two of the chambers empty. It is believed that he shot Mrs. Fleetwood with it before cutting her throat.

The object of the murder is unknown. The old folks had no money. It seems that Winkleback was in love with Emma, and had in vain sought for her parents' consent to their marriage, but this would hardly give him cause to take their lives.

The coroner's inquest resulted in a verdict holding Winkleback responsible for the crime. The jail at Charleston was guarded by about a score of the friends of the Sheriff, and all were fearful lest the mob should come on and attack it. A hurried consultation was held, and it was soon determined that the safety of the prisoner demanded his speedy removal to Mattoon, twelve miles distant. Winkleback was handcuffed and conducted to a waiting carriage, and was driven to Mattoon. During the ride an effort was made to get something out of the prisoner, but he was shrewd enough to understand the importance of keeping his mouth shut. He said, however, that he was innocent.

George Fleetwood, the son of the murdered man, said that Winkleback had always entertained the kindest feelings for the old couple, and he could give no reason why he should have done the deed, yet he felt sure that he was the guilty man.

A NEW CLUB AMUSEMENT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Union Club maintains a lofty standard of chivalrous respect for my sex. Some of the members used to sit rather lazily in the club-house windows overlooking Fifth avenue and stare at the pretty girls going past. There was trouble, you may remember, through the admiring but coarse remarks bestowed on the wealthy Mrs. Paron Stevens and her daughter as they sauntered unwittingly past. I don't know exactly what was said, but a member assures me that it was intended to be complimentary, even though it may not have struck the hearers so. But it was the rest of what he told me that I set out to write.

"Have you noticed that very few fellows are to be seen in the windows nowadays?" he asked.

"I really haven't had it on my mind to look," I responded.

"Anyhow, Miss Clara," he went on, "the starers are not in sight to any extent, but they keep their eyes on the passing show all the same. One of the fellows brought in a camera obscurely the other day—one of those things that we used to look into at Newport last summer, don't you know?—the figures of all the people on the beach reflected through a lens onto a slab, and all that sort of thing. This one, though, was a small affair all in a foot square box—but when its nozzle was stuck out at the window, and the room darkened, the scene of the street in front was thrown in perfect miniature on a white surface. You've no idea how distinct the view is. Every shape, every color, every movement is reproduced to a nicety. The window is vacant, you understand, and perhaps the curtain is tight down; but all the while we're getting a view of everything that goes past. So we're relieved of the charge of staring at the girls, and at the same time see them as plain as day."

"And recognize them?"

"To be sure. Why, I saw you go by one day—not as big as life, for the figure was only a few inches high—but just as natural. You toddled along in perfect unconsciousness that you were observed."

"Good heavens!"

"What makes you exclaim?"

"Never you mind."

But I minded, though I kept the particulars to myself. The day was the one on which I wore a new fastening for my nose, and I remembered, with awful certainty, that the darned contrivance let go of one stocking just in front of the Union Club; that I felt it wrinkled round my ankle and over my gaiter top; that I thanked my stars that, finally, it was the latest style of black silk, and, secondly, that the windows were empty; that, horrible to recall! I hastily reached down, clutched the stocking through the drapery of my skirt and furtively pushed it up, just a trifle.

There wasn't anything disgracing in all that, nor even ungraceful; but I couldn't help believing that, as reflected in the camera, I was an object for the club chaps to hilariously laugh at. Confound them!

CLARA BELLE.

BETRAYED SADIE CHAINED.

How a Quack Doctor "Practiced" on a Girl Whom He Ruined, and Got Arrested.

[Subject of Illustration.]

William S. Madden, a medical mountebank, of Scranton, Pa., was arrested April 12, in that city, charged with forcibly detaining Miss Sadie McClanaghan, aged twenty-one, of Lewistown, Penn., in her room for the past seven weeks. The girl first met Madden at Lewistown, where her mother lived. He manifested considerable affection for her, and, under promise of marriage, accomplished her ruin. It was afterward discovered that he had a wife at Altoona, and the feeling against him became so strong that he was forced to leave Lewistown. He then went to Scranton. Early in February last Madden went to Lewistown and represented that he had secured a divorce from his wife, and finally prevailed on Miss McClanaghan to go to Scranton, and she arrived there Feb. 20. Madden took her directly to his office, where he compelled her to remain until next morning, as he had not yet obtained a divorce from his wife. Miss McClanaghan tried to escape, but Madden got a stout chain and chained her to the bed. The girl cried for mercy, when he jumped on her, choked her and threatened to kill her. At the expiration of a week he drove a staple in the floor and detained her with a leather strap attached to it.

On April 12 she requested Madden's permission to go to another room for a moment. He consented, and she immediately fled. She ran barefooted to the Susquehanna House, where she told her story. Chief of Police Delacy was communicated with and Madden arrested. Straps and chains with which he detained Miss McClanaghan were found in his room. Madden admitted having confined the woman in the place, but excused his action with the extraordinary statement that the girl consented to imprisonment in order to keep the matter quiet. For the first two weeks he had her meals taken to her; then he became fearful that suspicion would be aroused, and he supplied her with sandwiches.

Madden was held upon fourteen charges of assault. His bail amounted to \$4,300. He was unable to secure bondsmen and was committed to prison. The prisoner was at one time a partner of S. A. Gibson, another mountebank, now in prison upon the charge of assaulting a woman patient. The story of the girl's sufferings is on thousands of tongues throughout the city, and hostile demonstrations against Madden may result.

TURF MONARCHS AND STARS.

[With Portraits.]

The eighth page of our present issue comprises portraits of the leading officials of our most prominent racing associations: Mr. Geo. L. Lorillard, President of the Monmouth Park Association; Hon. Aug. Belmont, President of the American Jockey Club; Col. M. Lewis Clark, who is the head and front of the Louisville Jockey Club; Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, to whom we are largely indebted for the present existence of the Sheepshead Bay Association; and Mr. M. F. Dwyer, one of the most popular and widely-known turfmen in the country. The equine portraits comprise the most celebrated of last year's two-year-olds, who will be seen in competition for the rich and varied three-year-old stakes, such as the Withers, Belmont, Lorillard, Coney Island, Derby, Tidal stakes, and many others. Louisette, Mr. G. L. Lorillard's celebrated filly, was, without doubt, the best two-year-old out last year. She is by Glenelg, out of Stamps, and her record last year comprised six races, of which she won three, being second once, third once, and unplaced once, and her earnings amounted to \$3,020. Himalaya is a bay colt by Virgil, out of Kentucky Belle, and is a colt of great promise. Last year he started eight times, winning two races, one of which was the rich Nursery stakes, at Jerome Park fall meeting; was second twice, third once, and unplaced three times, his winnings amounting to \$4,595. He is now second in the betting for the Withers stakes. Leo, Mr. P. Lorillard's colt by the Duke of Magenta out of The Squaw, is chiefly notable for his fine winning of the Champagne stakes at Jerome Park, in which he beat Mr. Withers' Cyclone colt a short head. Issaquena, by Alarm, out of Essays II., won the Hopeful stakes and also the August stakes at Monmouth Park, but going amiss shortly afterward was unplaced in her races. Her winnings amounted to \$7,710. Burton, the Dwyer's representative, is by Imp. Billet out of Distraction. As a two-year-old he started in ten races, won three, was second four times, third twice and unplaced only once. His winnings amount to \$7,625. He is now first favorite for the Withers stakes, the odds being seven to two only, and it is more than likely even these low figures will soon be reduced. Reveler, the last of the series, is a handsome chestnut colt, by Pat Malloy out of Schottische, and started nine times, won twice, was third twice and unplaced five times, his total winnings amounting to \$4,630. He shares with Himalaya the position of second favorite with the Withers stakes, and will be first or second if his troublesome foot does not prevent his starting.

LASHED IN HIS NIGHT-SHIRT BY GIRLS.

A sensation was created in Waynesville, N. C., recently by the cowhiding of W. H. Johnson, a good-looking young man noted for his laziness. Johnson has for some time past been living at the house of an aged widow named Crawford, whose kindness would not permit her to turn him out. Her friends have repeatedly advised her not to submit to the imposition, but without effect. About 1 o'clock in the morning the daughter and granddaughter of Mrs. Crawford went to her house, and, forcing open the door, entered the room in which Johnson slept. The elder girl lit the lamp. Johnson stared wildly around at his visitors, who ordered him to get up at once. "Leave the room first," said the frightened man.

The two women, both strong and active, without further parley pulled him from the bed and began belaboring him with cowhides. He was in his night-shirt, and he beat a retreat to the hall. They followed and whipped him out into the street. His screams for aid brought out the police, who rescued him. The women warned him never to come into the house again.

HE HATED WOMEN.

An Eccentric Testator Who Vented His Spite Against the Female Sex.

Yet He Purchased and Wore a Bustle at Saratoga—Thought He Was Lousy—Afraid of Devils.

A contest began in the Supreme Court of Northampton, Mass., April 15, over the will of Caleb Dickinson, one of the most eccentric men that ever lived. He left the bulk of his estate to found a hospital, where the sick and poor of the towns of Northampton, Whately and Hatfield shall be tenderly and kindly cared for, either gratuitously or at a moderate expense, according to the circumstances of each. John Whittlesey and George W. Hubbard, of Northampton, and William H. Dickinson, of Hatfield, were named to hold the funds in trust, and George W. Hubbard was to be the executor.

The will is contested on the ground of insanity by nephews and nieces. Over 100 witnesses have been summoned, and the eccentricities of Mr. Dickinson will probably be thoroughly aired.

George M. Stearns, of Chicopee, of the counsel for the executor, said that the will was made July 23, 1831, and Mr. Dickinson died in September, 1832, in a bathroom at Saratoga. He left property amounting to \$30,000, most of which he left to be devoted to charity. In 1834, his mind being affected by religious excitement, he was induced to go to Worcester, where he voluntarily entered an asylum, from which he was soon discharged, cured. He was eccentric in regard to dress, but counsel denied that such eccentricity was evidence of insanity. For many years he traded with his neighbors and was regarded as unusually keen at a bargain. In seventeen years he increased his fortune of \$20,000 to \$30,000, which he had when he died, and counsel argued that a man who was sane enough to accumulate so much money was sane enough to dispose of it.

After the will was proved, D. W. Bond opened the case for the heirs, and dwelt at length upon the peculiarities of the deceased. He cited instances of his starting to run toward his barn like a boy, when he would suddenly stop, throw up his hands, turn round and walk back to the house. In church his manner was peculiar, and he made himself conspicuous at all places where people were congregated. At funerals he particularly made himself noticeable and obnoxious by his conduct. When he became engaged in a religious discussion he invariably went on to the subject of women, and on such occasions his language was unbearable in the extreme. He never lost an opportunity of venting his spite against the opposite sex, who, he said, were the cause of all evil, and on one occasion he said that God made one man without woman, and he could make another. The last time he visited Saratoga he purchased a woman's bustle, which he put on and would have worn but for his death. In 1831, about the time he made his will, he became possessed with the idea that he was totally covered with lice, when in fact he was perfectly clean. He had several people examine him, and when they declared they could not see them he said it was "damned strange." He was afraid of being killed, and always kept a club and an ax in his room, and one window he had grated, as he said, to keep the devils out. The disposition of his property was evidently made to spite his relatives, since during his life he despised the poor, to whom he has left it by his will, and the heirs, Mr. Bond declared, intend to prove that if he had been sane he would not have done so.

Seth D. Crafts, of Conway, was the first witness for the heirs, and testified to having known Mr. Dickinson since he (Crafts) was five or six years old. He called on witness when he was in the Legislature, and visited the House of Representatives, where he talked aloud and acted in a peculiar manner. He saw him at a funeral in 1831, where he talked about cattle in a loud voice during the service. Mr. Crafts was cross-examined by Lawyer Stearns and denied having told Mr. Bond all he knew about the case. Deceased always wanted to get the best trade possible, and managed his affairs at home himself, but told the witness that the Northampton Bank folks managed his finances.

Mrs. Champion Dickinson, wife of Caleb's nephew, testified that he lived with them the last fifteen years of his life. The grating on one of the windows was put up in 1831, but the other two windows of his room were never fastened. His manners at the table were greedy and peculiar. The witness described his actions during the time that he imagined he was covered with lice. He burned everything in his room at one time. He invariably took a bath every morning, and said that he intended to live to be 100 years old.

MATSADA SORAKICHI, THE WONDERFUL JAPANESE WRESTLER.

[With Portraits and Illustrations.]

We give this week a full-page illustration of the doings of Matsada Kogere Sorakichi, the Cyclone of Japan, who, since his arrival in this country, has astonished the sporting community with his skill as a wrestler. He was underrated at first by most of the sporting men, who thought that Europe and America had furnished men of brawn that could stand against any comers from the more effete nationalities. But his recent performances have opened the eyes of some of the knowing ones.

He is twenty-three years of age, stands 5 feet 5½ inches in height, and in condition weighs 185 pounds. His first wrestling match in this country was with Edwin Bibby, catch-as-catch-can style. He knew nothing about the rules, and was defeated. He was then matched to wrestle Bibby two falls catch-as-catch-can and two falls Japanese style. He introduced the butting that is allowed in the Japanese style of wrestling, and displayed the agility and butting propensities of a Billy-goat or a well-fed ram. His great battering-ram propensities resulted in his gaining a victory over Bibby. Sorakichi was then matched to wrestle Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, who stands 6 feet in height and weighs 200 pounds. Matsada trained for this match by putting up heavy dumb-bells, butting closet doors and plastered walls, or anything that had a springing tendency. He defeated the Irish champion, gaining two falls, and butted Daly with such tremendous force that he withdrew defeated from the contest. In the meantime, while Matsada was taking a breath, some one called him a Chinaman. He butted the individual,

knocking him down. The result was the Oriental had to battle with three of his first victim's friends, whom he used up in a similar manner. The wrestler then went to Cleveland to meet Duncan C. Ross, the recognized champion mixed wrestler of the world. The conditions were catch-as-catch-can and Japanese style. The contest was a terrific one, and will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The Japanese champion butted in one of Ross's ribs, breaking it, while Ross also punished the Jap terribly, butting him in the nose and body. Each gained two falls, and when the final bout was to be decided, the POLICE GAZETTE representative withdrew the Oriental, who was injured internally. Matsada was then backed by Richard K. Fox's representative to wrestle Andre Cloutier, the famous French wrestler, better known as the Tiger of the Pyrenees, a wrestler, who, when he first came from France, was looked upon as a wonder. The match was won by the Japanese champion, after one of the finest displays of wrestling ever seen. The Jap is under contract with Richard K. Fox, and is now matched to meet Col. J. H. McLaughlin, at Detroit, and Duncan C. Ross and Mervine Thompson, in New York. He is certainly the most wonderful wrestler ever seen in this country.

HER FIRST LOVE SLAIN.

By a Rival Whose Wife Gave Him Away During a Quarrel.

During a quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Bird, near Morgantown, N. C., April 10, the wife in her passion blurted out a statement which caused her husband's arrest for a murder committed seventeen years ago, the victim being an ex-Federal soldier, Capt. Raphael Livingston, said to be from New York. The developments disclose a romantic affair with a tragic sequel. During the war Capt. Livingston was confined in the Confederate prison in Salisbury. He was good-looking and intelligent, and was seen by Miss Rose Austin, the pretty daughter of one of the officers of the Guards. At the time he was convalescent from a severe fever, and her woman's heart pitied him. She gave him some delicacies, and the result was that he formed a friendship for her which ripened into a love that was returned. She dared not speak to her father, and managed to effect the captain's escape. Before he left for the Federal lines he gave her a ring, and promised to return after the war was over and claim her as his bride.

After the war was over Miss Austin waited anxiously for her lover. She wrote to New York, but could hear nothing of him, and gave him up for dead. She had declined several advantageous offers in the meantime. Among her most persistent suitors was Charles Bird. He was the favored one, but she could not bring herself to agree to marry him. In 1867, Capt. Livingston visited Salisbury, and lost no time in finding his promised bride. Bird was told that Livingston was her betrothed, and seemed to acquiesce. The captain was not in well-to-do circumstances, and therefore the wedding could not take place at once. Suddenly Livingston disappeared, and Miss Austin was made to believe that he had deserted her. About a year afterward she married Bird.

After quarreling with her husband, Mrs. Bird gave information to the effect that Bird and two companions had murdered Livingston and, with the aid of a colored boy, buried the body in a grave near by. The negro was at once taken into custody, and corroborated Mrs. Bird's story. All of the parties were arrested, and are now in jail at Wilkesboro. The arrest has caused intense excitement, as the principals are prominent people. Mrs. Bird is about thirty-five years of age and very handsome.

A BRAZILIAN OTHELLO.

Tragic Result of the Baseless Suspicions of a Police Corporal.

A Brazilian *Othello* has appeared in the province of Maranhão, at the town of Caxais. Mariano Monteiro da Silva was a corporal of police at that place, and was married to Leocadia Francisco de Souza, also a member of the mixed white, black and Indian race which constitutes the great mass of the natives of the north and northeastern provinces, and of the Brazilian interior in general. He was a quiet and well-conducted man, much respected by his officers, and adoring his wife, who seems to have been equally attached to him. But one evening, on going to his parade service, he saw signs of male and female footsteps in the back of his rear garden, and suspicion entered his bosom, especially as his wife had appeared very earnest in reminding him of the hour for going to parade.

Brooding over this he returned immediately as soon as afternoon review was over, and as he entered by the back of his garden he saw in the dusk a man in converse with a woman dressed in a pink robe, such as his wife had worn that day. Darting forward he thrust his bayonet seven times into the man; the woman had fled, but he pursued in the direction she had taken and, as he re-entered the yard of his house, he met his wife hastening toward him. Convinced of her falsehood, he, without a word, stabbed her with the bayonet eighteen times, and then went and surrendered himself to the police, declaring that he had avenged his dishonor on his wife and her paramour.

The wife died in a few hours, and the latter's case was almost hopeless. Next day a slave girl came to the police and declared that the wife was completely innocent, that it was she herself who had met the slaughtered man and fled in fear. The poor Brazilian *Othello* had sacrificed another *Desdemona* to unjust suspicion.

A "COLD DAY" AND COLD LEAD.

James Green, white, aged seventeen, was committed to jail in Bakersville, Mitchell county, April 14, for having murdered his cousin, Joseph Green, aged sixteen. The youths were in love with Miss Jeanette D. Birdsall, aged twenty-two, a pretty blonde. Green was until recently deemed the favored suitor. As he was promenading with Miss Birdsall, his cousin came up and offered the young lady his arm. To Green's chagrin she withdrew her arm from his and took that of his rival. James walked off, probably thinking that this was done to tease him. He never spoke of it either to her or to his cousin. As he was again promenading with his sweetheart, his cousin Joe came up, and the performance of the Sunday previous was repeated. James was armed this time, and as soon as Joe took the girl's arm and marched off, he drew a revolver and fired. The ball entered Joe's neck, breaking it, and he fell dead by the side of the young lady, who fainted at the sight of the blood. The young men had borne good characters and had been bosom friends until they were enamored of Miss Birdsall. Jim Green was arrested and arraigned for the murder.

A CLERICAL ABORTIONIST.

Rev. Vedder's Intimacy With One of His Flock Results in His Imprisonment.

Rev. Alfred F. Vedder was sentenced in Albany, N. Y., April 17, to three years in the Clinton Prison for committing an abortion. The convicted clergyman gazed at the jury and the muscles of his face twitched nervously, but by a powerful effort he controlled himself, and the cold smile that nearly always plays about his face returned. A motion for a new trial was denied. Judge Nott, in sentencing the prisoner, said:

"The jury have found you guilty of a crime that is looked upon with horror by the whole community. The Court feels a great deal of sympathy with your wife and child, but duty must be done. The sentence of the Court is that you be confined at hard labor in Clinton Prison for the term of three years."

Vedder had been for several years a Presbyterian clergyman at West Milton, Saratoga county. He was arrested on Sunday morning, September 17, 1880, by Detective Andrews, of Saratoga, just as he was entering the Presbyterian Church at Kingston, N. Y., of which Judge Westbrook is one of the trustees, and the pulpit of which he had been engaged to fill for the day. The congregation expostulated, and Vedder protested his innocence, but he was taken to Albany, locked up, and subsequently admitted to bail.

The complainant in the case was Miss Anna Walter, the daughter of Silas Walter, a respected and well-to-do farmer of West Milton. She is about twenty-five years of age, and has pleasing features and engaging manners. No suspicion of any improper intimacy between Vedder and Miss Walter was entertained until about the middle of August last, when the young woman disappeared, and her father, suspecting Vedder, placed detectives on his track. Both Miss Walter and her father attended Vedder's church, though they were not members. The detectives discovered, among other things, that in January, 1883, while Vedder was stopping at a hotel in Troy he induced Miss A. Walter to visit his room secretly. She remained at the hotel all night, and the same thing occurred on a visit of Vedder to Troy in February. In June they went to New York together, remaining several days, and when they returned Vedder explained to her father that he had met the young woman on the train.

About Aug. 1 Vedder took Miss Walter to Saratoga, where he paid her board, and visited her once between that date and Aug. 13. On Aug. 14 Vedder brought her to Albany, where he procured the commission of the crime charged by Dr. Paterson, of 90 Columbia street, on Aug. 16, Vedder being present at the time. On the following Saturday the young woman was taken seriously ill. For a long time her life was despaired of, and on account of her prolonged sickness the trial of the clergyman was several times postponed. As soon as the young woman's condition became dangerous Paterson suddenly disappeared. Vedder called on her several times during her illness, and finally arranged with her to go to Troy, where he placed her in a boarding-house. It was here that the detectives found her. Vedder was indicted jointly with Paterson. After many postponements the case came to trial in March last, and the jury failed to agree, standing six to six, Paterson's whereabouts are unknown.

The convicted clergyman is about thirty years of age, of medium height, gracefully formed, and has pleasant features. His complexion is light, his hair brown, his forehead high, and he wears a thin mustache. He has a wife and one child.

A FIFTY-CENT BLACKMAILING SCHEME.

A few days ago a tall, fair girl entered the office of Alderman Fisher, in Reading, Pa., and swore out a warrant for the arrest of John P. Easterly, a young man employed in a printing establishment in Reading, whom she charged with having betrayed her. She gave her name as Miss Blank. The warrant was served upon Easterly, who denounced the proceedings as an infamous deception of some kind. He was placed under bonds. As soon as possible he proceeded to the residence of Miss Blank, who, when informed of his arrest, evinced the greatest surprise. She said she knew nothing about it, and her parents determined at once to ferret out the perpetrator of the outrage.

Miss Blank was taken before Alderman Fisher, who at once declared that she was not the young woman who swore to the information leading to Easterly's arrest. Further investigations ended in the arrest of Mamie Ida Warren, a girl of fifteen years of age, who lives with her widowed mother. Alderman Fisher identified her as the person who gave the name of Miss Blank and preferred the charges against Easterly.

With sobs and tears Miss Warren made a full confession. She declared that an older girl, named Mary Schmehl, had promised to give her fifty cents for the attempt to bring disgrace upon Miss Blank and Easterly. Miss Schmehl was immediately arrested. Both girls have respectable parents. Miss Schmehl refused to make any explanation, but it is thought she sought revenge on Easterly for having treated her with indifference.

Miss Warren was held in \$500 bail to answer a charge of perjury, and Miss Schmehl was held in the same sum to answer charges of suborning and procuring a witness to commit perjury.

HOW HE PAID IT BACK.

About 7 o'clock Monday night, April 14, in Macon, Ga., four sharp reports of pistols were followed by the appearance on the sidewalk, in front of the store of W. Landsberg, junior member of the firm of Nussbaum & Landsberg, who cried "Murder! murder!" and fell dead. Immediately James Rhodes Bacon Danforth, entry clerk for the house, came out, and seeing Officer Thomas gave himself up. The officer took him to the barrack, where he was locked up. The dead man was taken into the back room and the coroner was sent for and a jury summoned. By the time the jury was ready for work an immense crowd was collected. Investigation was begun by the examination of Dr. Johnson, who probed the wounds, which were five in number. There were no witnesses beyond the man who fired the five shots into Landsberg's body. M. Nussbaum, the senior member of the firm, testified that a week ago Landsberg discovered that by an oversight Danforth had been drawing a salary for nearly a year at the rate of \$1,000 a year, while he had been engaged at \$800. Nussbaum called Danforth into the office and stated the facts to him, and told him that he could pay the overdrawn amount back at the rate of \$10 a month or quit. Danforth said nothing, but looked desperate all day. What passed between the two men prior to the shooting is not known, as they were the

only persons in the store at the time. The jury returned a verdict of murder. When Danforth was told that the coroner's jury had found him guilty of murder a change came over his countenance and he would not talk further. Danforth is twenty years old and supports his mother and sister. Landsberg was twenty-five. Both bore a high character. Danforth threatened a week ago to kill Landsberg.

ROAST COON.

A Negro Burned at the Stake for Slaughtering his Employer's Wife with an Ax.

Charles Gibbs, a negro, worked for a farmer named Louis Moore, in Burlington county, on the Santa Fe Railroad, Texas. He had been in Moore's employ about two months. His record is said to have been a bad one, including a murder and a term in the penitentiary. Moore went to Lyons Saturday afternoon, April 12, leaving his wife and two children at home and the negro at work in the field.

Mrs. Moore delayed the evening meal until after 8 o'clock, and, as her husband was still absent, she concluded not to wait any longer. Just as she and the children sat down Gibbs came in through the kitchen, and, noting the vacant chair, asked if he could not sit down with them.

Mrs. Moore thought that the man was joking, and made some jocose reply, when the fellow repeated the request in a manner that indicated he was in earnest, at the same time moving toward the seat usually occupied by Mr. Moore. Then Mrs. Moore told him he could not sit at the table with the family.

A quarrel ensued, which was cut short by Gibbs grabbing an ax and striking the woman on the head, killing her instantly. Mr. Moore returned just in time to see the negro running away, but did not suspect anything wrong until he had entered the house. Then he gave the alarm, and pursuit was commenced and kept up till Sunday evening, when the murderer was caught, about twelve miles from where he committed the murder.

He was taken back to Lyons, arriving between 10 and 11 o'clock at night. By this time public feeling was highly incensed. A crowd secured chains, tied the negro to a post oak sapling, and, tearing down an old dry house, made a funeral pyre of chips and pine knots around him. Then, saturating the wood with coal-oil, a match was applied, and the wretched murderer was soon burned to death.

AN OCEAN TRAMP.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week a capital picture, taken by J. C. Higgins, photographer, of Capt. Traynor as he appeared in his dory, Randall D. Ribber, when he started from Bath, Me., on his perilous voyage across the Atlantic. He intends to visit New York, and after exhibiting himself and boat, start for Bristol, England, where he expects to arrive by September 1. His boat is 13 feet long on the bottom, 17 feet on top, 5 feet wide on top, and 22 inches deep, and has a cabin 3 feet long and 16 inches deep. It is provided with two air-tanks made of tin, to float her in case she should fill or capsize.

Capt. Traynor is twenty-seven years old, and once before crossed the Atlantic in the dory City of Bath. He is to row the entire distance. His principal diet will be cooked oatmeal and milk, which, he affirms, will stick by him better than anything else. His only companion will be a cat. As we before remarked editorially, "We ply the cat."

HAVE YOU SEEN GOOSEY?

[Subject of Illustration.]

Chanfrau the younger tells one of the best stories I have heard for a good while. According to it a very shabby stranger enters a bar-room at early morning and orders a cocktail. It is made, consumed, and the maker complimented on its quality and desired to mingle another. As the reviving limber toys with this second nerve, he remarks carelessly:

"Has Goosey been in this morning?"

"Goosey!" repeats the amalgamator of fluid destruction, "who's he?"

The stranger empties his glass and says:

"What? Don't you know Goosey? Why, you must know him. He's a bandy-legged fellow. Walks just like this."

And he illustrates by walking out. When he doesn't return to settle the bartender finds it dawning on him who Goosey is.

A TERRIBLE WIFE'S "GOOD LUCK."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Sarah Walker, aged twenty-seven, wife of John Walker, a teamster, in Portland, Me., committed suicide recently. She had a quarrel with her husband and thrashed him soundly. On arising from bed she seized a boot, hit her husband over the head, then she took his revolver and threatened to kill him. He left the house and got the assistance of her brother, and when both tried to disarm her she drove them from the house.

While they consulted at the front gate how to next proceed to capture the enemy, they heard a shot, and rushing in discovered that she had shot herself in the temple. Death was instantaneous. She was a very muscular woman, weighed 200 pounds, and was the terror of the neighborhood in which she resided.

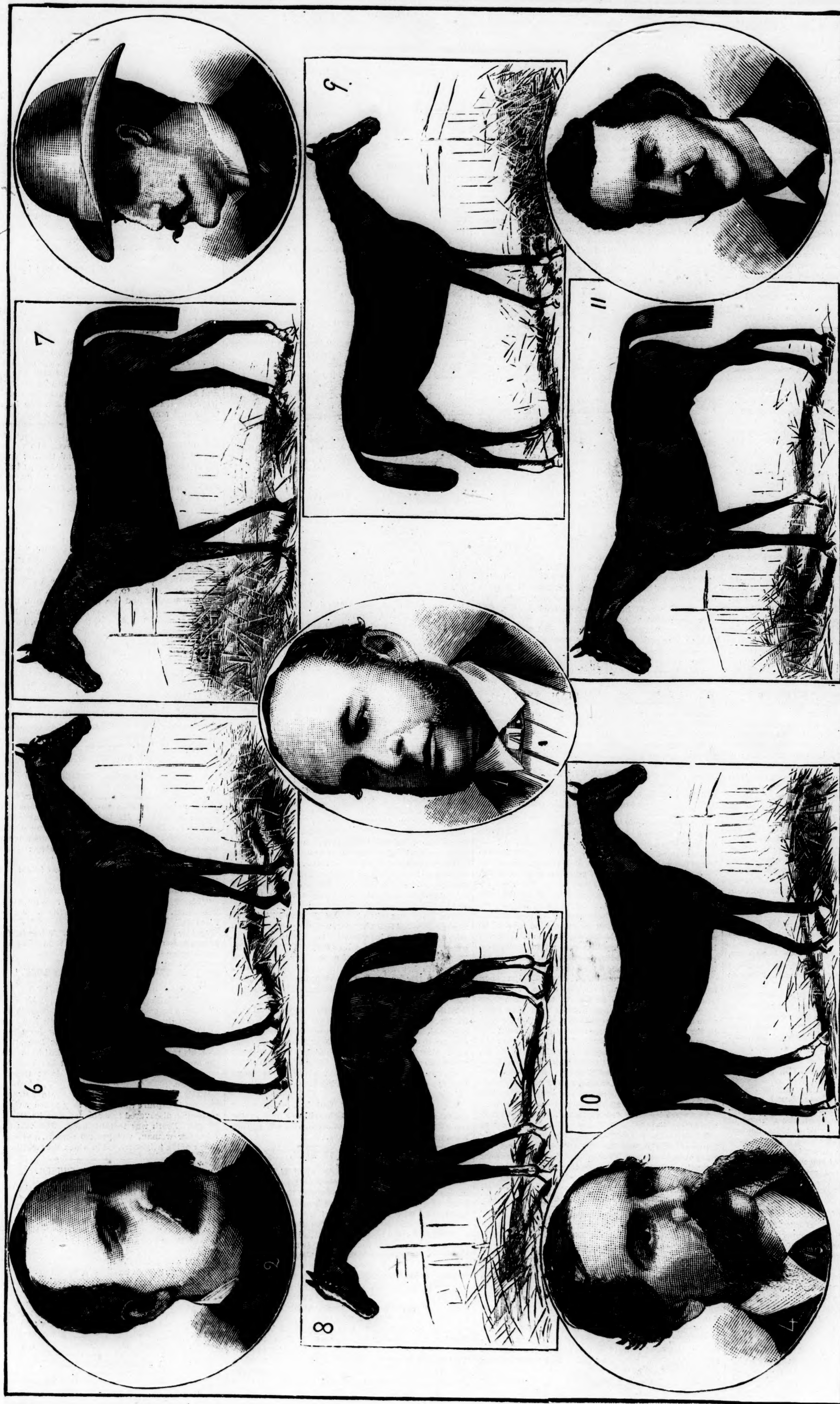
RIOT IN A DARKEY CHURCH.

At 10 o'clock Tuesday night, April 15, in the Central Colored Baptist Church, Augusta, Ga., the lights were put out and a pistol fired through the window at the preacher, Rev. Mr. Walker. A regular riot resulted. A police detail was ordered to the spot, which arrested Deacon Wesley Warren as instigator of the row. Edward Elmore and John Grunshaw were also arrested, charged with firing the pistol.

This negro church has been a festering sore in Augusta for years, and quarrels and litigious during the pastorate of Rev. Henry Jackson, a noted negro politician, gave it an ugly notoriety. The women sided with Jackson, but the deacons were against him, and he was turned out by an arbitration of white citizens and church authorities. The same old fight is now renewed, the Jackson party wanting to kill the church.

A PUGILISTIC EVANGELIST.

Peter Raeder, the evangelist who delivered a gospel lecture at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Easter Sunday, was arrested April 16 while assaulting Albert Brown in Pittston, Pa. He has shown symptoms of insanity. He was conveyed to Kirkbride's Asylum, in Philadelphia, for treatment.

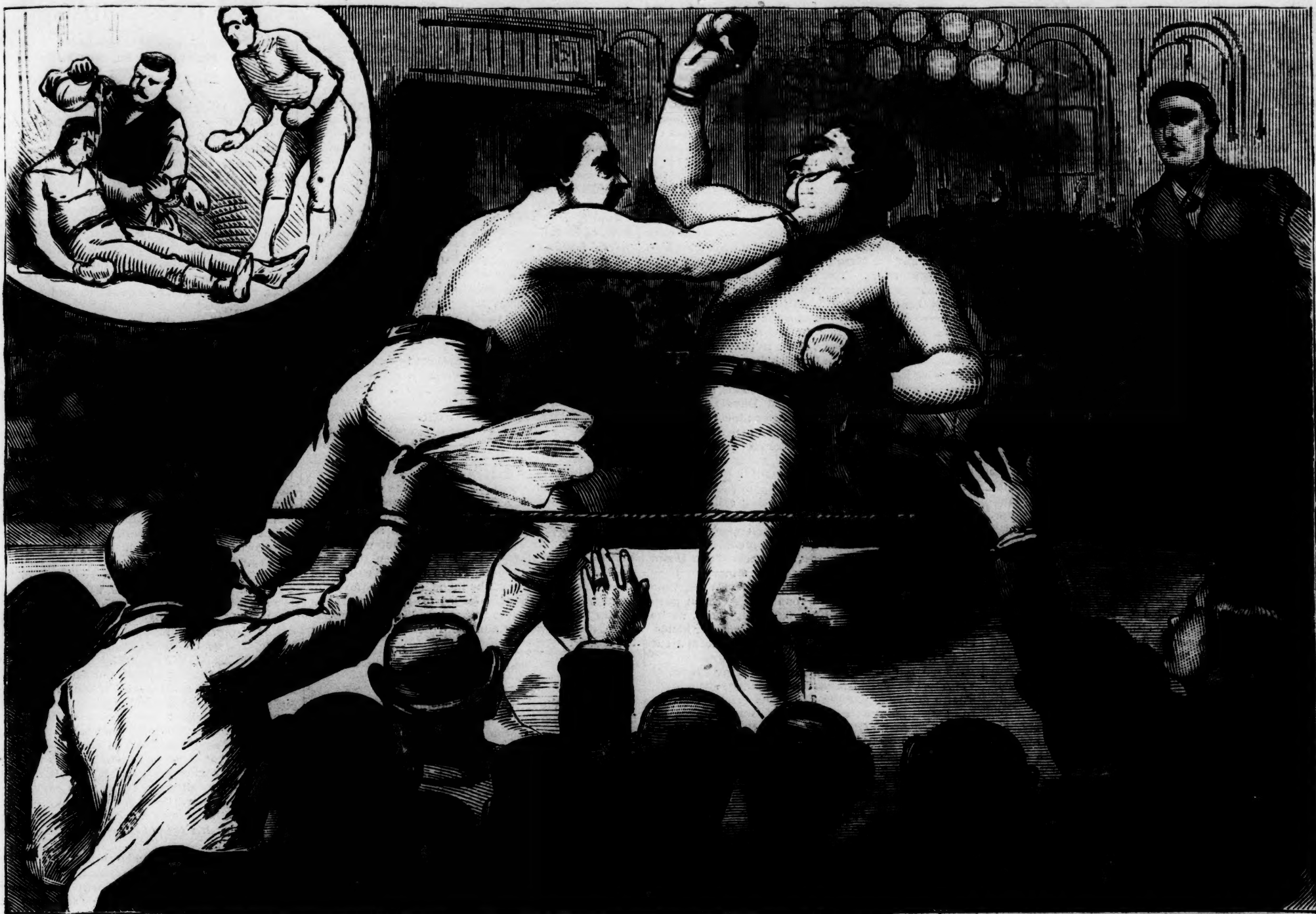


TURF MONARCHS AND STARS.

PORTRAITS OF THE LEADING PROMOTERS OF AMERICAN HORSE-RACING AND PICTURES OF SOME OF THE FAVORITES FOR THE COMING SEASON.

[Taken Expressly for the "Police Gazette."]

1—HON. AUG. BELMONT, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB. 2—COL. M. LEWIS CLARK, PRESIDENT OF THE LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB. 3—GEO. L. LORILLARD, PRESIDENT OF THE MONMOUTH PARK ASSOCIATION. 4—LEONARD W. JEROME, PRESIDENT OF THE SHEEPSHEAD BAY ASSOCIATION. 5—M. F. DWYER, THE POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL TURFMAN. 6—HIMALAYA. 7—LOUISETTE. 8—LEO. 9—ISSAQUEUA. 10—BURTON. 11—REVELLER.



KNOCKED STIFF IN ONE ROUND.

HOW MIKE CLEARY'S TERRIFIC RIGHT-HANDER PUT WILLIAM SHERIFF, THE PRUSSIAN, IN HIS LITTLE BED, AT GERMANIA ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NEW YORK CITY.



A MANIAC MOTHER'S CRIME.

THE MURDER OF MISS JOHNSON, OF FOREST PORT, N. Y., BY HER MOTHER, WHILE THE LATTER WAS LABORING UNDER A FIT OF INSANITY.

THE PRIZE RING.

The Latest Sensations in Pugilistic Circles.

The Great Battle Between Sheriff and Welsh—Fighting for the "Police Gazette" Medal in Arizona.

On April 3, at Philadelphia, Jack Welsh, of Birmingham, England, and William Sheriff, the Prussian, signed articles to fight according to the "Police Gazette" Revised Queensberry rules until either the battle was lost or won, for \$500 Arthur Chambers backed Sheriff and Prof. John A. Clark found the snags of war for Welsh. Alderman Wm. McMullin was chosen final stakeholder and referee, and it was agreed that he should select the fighting-ground. McMullin ordered the pugilists to fight on the 10th inst. A room was engaged and a limited number of sporting men were invited to attend. No publicity was given to the affair, and only a select crowd was present. Sheriff was seconded by Harry Hicken and Arthur Chambers, while Welsh was seconded by Johnny Clark and Frank Gormley.

So quiet was the affair kept that even the man who rented the room for the battle did not know for what purpose it was to be used. The men stripped and shook hands at exactly half-past four o'clock. In the first three rounds both men sparred lightly and waited for an opening. Welsh began the hot work by landing a terrific right hander on the Prussian's jaw. After that the blows fell thick and fast. Sheriff, in the seventh round, brought his antagonist to his knees by a wicked right-hand upper-cut, and, forcing the fighting, seemed to have so much the best of it that odds of two to one were offered that he would win. Welsh, however, bided his time and came up smiling from ear to ear when the Squire called time for the tenth round. The Prussian worked on Welsh's ribs in the eleventh round and the latter made play at the eyes of Chambers' man. When they faced each other for the twelfth round they were slightly winded. Still the betting was in favor of Sheriff, who, instructed by his backer and second, Arthur Chambers, went in to finish his long armed, red-haired opponent.

Welsh, however, displayed greater skill than his most admiring friends credited him with, and not one-third of the vicious blows aimed at him took effect. He got in a stinger now and then, and when he did it told. When the sixteenth round was over shrewd Mr. Chambers and the Prussian agreed in whispered conversation that Welsh was not as easy to knock out as they had expected. Then tactics were resorted to, and in that line Sheriff showed himself a master. From the seventeenth to the twenty-seventh round neither of the combatants received much punishment. As the men had fought over an hour several hundred dollars that was bet that Welsh would succumb in less than sixty minutes was paid over to the winners. Welsh grinned when he saw the money paid over, and when Clark asked him how he felt he rubbed his swollen right eye and replied: "Oh, I can fight a bit yet."

He proved this by going at his opponent like a bull when the twenty-eighth round began. His right fist caught the Prussian on the mouth and staggered him. When he raised his face and smiled a thin stream of crimson trickled down his chin. First blood was claimed by Welsh's second, but it was not allowed because both men had drawn blood before and no one had claimed the point. After the men had battered each other for two hours the Prussian looked as though he was done for. He had shown signs of weakness for fifteen or twenty minutes, and when the thirty-second round was reached his friends began to despair and the betting became even. Welsh's swollen face still bore the metallic grin it had when he first stepped into the ring. He led the fighting, and the Prussian then showed his great skill. At this stage if Welsh had succeeded in getting in two or three of the swinging right-handers he sent out the Prussian would certainly have been finished.

As it was, Sheriff, by remarkable skill in dodging and parrying, avoided severe punishment, and in three or four rounds regained his wind sufficiently to do some fighting himself. At the end of three hours both men were bruised, swollen and bleeding. Still the fight went on and both men came smiling to the center of the ring. From the forty-fifth to the forty-ninth round they fought viciously, and blow after blow was given and received without much regard for science. Welsh was the fresher man at the beginning of the fourth hour, and his wily antagonist knew it and kept away, only coming to close quarters now and then to land a blow or two. With three fingers broken and a fourth dislocated, Welsh could not do much hard fighting, even if he had had the power. The Prussian got better and better in the fourth hour, but his freshness was not backed by strength enough to make the other man quit. So it went on, round after round, until the fourth hour was past.

As the men were badly punished and could not possibly recruit strength enough in the one minute intermission to do any more hard fighting, it was proposed to call the match a draw. The referee said it must be fought out, and Welsh and Sheriff agreed with him. Twice in the fifth hour a draw was proposed, but the Squire would not consent to it. The fighters staggered at each other and let fall harmless blows on each other's swollen faces and bruised bodies until five hours and six minutes were passed and seventy-three rounds had been gone through. Then came a conference, and it was agreed to postpone the finish of the fight until such time as the referee may decide upon. Welsh and the Prussian were lifted into carriages and taken to their homes.

The fight lasted 5 hours and 6 minutes. Both men were badly punished. Sheriff's face and body was covered with bruises, his left jaw injured and his left eye closed.

Three of Welsh's fingers were broken, he was terribly punished and his hands were swollen to twice their natural size.

Welsh weighed 155 pounds while Sheriff weighed 165 pounds.

Billy Lynn, the pugilist, publishes the following challenge in a Western paper:

"On account of the unsatisfactory ending of the late fight for the light-weight championship of Arizona and the 'Police Gazette' medal, at Tombstone, I hereby challenge any man in Arizona, not weighing over 140 pounds, to fight me for the 'Police Gazette' medal and the light-weight championship of Arizona, the fight to take place in Tombstone, Cochise county, where both

men can and will have fair play. I prefer to meet some of the Tucson blow-hards, and will give them the preference above all others, inasmuch as they can do better fighting in a saloon than in a 24-foot ring."

An Eastern imitation of the POLICE GAZETTE grows because the POLICE GAZETTE revised the Marquis of Queensberry rules. It claims that the Marquis of Queensberry rules are the only reliable rules, but forgets to state that there never was a contest fought in America according to Marquis of Queensberry rules. They are proper for amateurs. They stipulate for two rounds four minutes each and the last round five minutes, making fifteen minutes with the two minutes rest and the thirteen minutes fighting. Now, when was there ever a contest in America fought under these rules? The so-called Marquis of Queensberry rules now governing professional contests were arranged by George W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, London, and the Marquis of Queensberry knew nothing about them. The "Police Gazette" Revised Queensberry rules are just what the pugilist who means fight wants. The only trouble with the Boston paper is that it needs a sporting editor.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Leadville sends the following report of the recent prize fight between Ben Ellis and Jim Duval. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, with three-ounce gloves, for \$300. Ellis weighed 170 pounds, and Duval 165 pounds. Bill Tobias seconded Duval and a noted sporting man seconded Ellis. After nine rounds had been fought Ellis came staggering up to the scratch, when the crowd yelled out, "Take him away!" Duval stepped back to see if they were going to take him away; but discovering no movement in that direction, he sent his right smashing on his opponent's nose and made the claret fly. On time being called for the tenth round Duval's eyes were fast closing and Ellis' second led him up to the scratch, whereupon the referee ordered him out of the ring. Ellis made a plunge at Duval and ran smash against the ropes. Then Duval got two good right-handers on Ellis' stomach. They both clinched and fell over the ropes. When time was called for the eleventh round Ellis' second gave in and would not let Ellis fight any more, as he was as blind as a bat. Both men are smelter hands, and all the men working at the smelters turned out to see the fight.

George Fulljames has matched Jimmy Hurst, of Toronto, Canada, to fight Jack Dempsey, the well-known middle weight, for \$500 a side. The prize ring rules are to govern the contest, and Hurst is to be restricted down to 132 pounds, while Dempsey will be allowed to enter the ring at catch weight.

Tom McAlpine recently agreed to match Jack Dempsey to fight George Fulljames according to the London prize ring rules for \$500 a side. Fulljames stopped all prospects of a match by stipulating that he would not mill for less than \$2,000 a side.

Jim McDewitt, the champion pugilist of Bridgeburg, Pa., opened the "Police Gazette" Sporting Annex, at Bridgeburg, Pa., on April 21. It is needless to state that the house was packed by noted sporting men of Trenton and Philadelphia.

The glove fight at Tombstone, Arizona, between Messrs. Earl and Lynn was won by Lynn after fighting twenty-two rounds.

Recently Tommy Dyer, of Benson, Arizona, and Billy Lynn, of Deaver, fought in a private room, with five men a side as witnesses, for the "Police Gazette" medal, which represents the light-weight championship of Arizona. Only two rounds were fought when Lynn won, knocking Dyer out. Ed. Brown was referee.

If McHenry Johnson, better known as the Black Star, returns to New York he can be matched against Godfrey for \$500. So Tom McAlpine says.

Billy Dacey, the popular light weight of Greenpoint, is to be tendered a benefit at Tom K. Kars' sporting house in the Bowery.

Jem Mace, with Fred Collier, is on his way to this country. Mace claims Collier is a match for any of the heavy weights.

It is all settled that Billy Edwards, the retired light-weight champion, and Charley Mitchell are to box May 12 in Madison Square Garden.

Joe Gaffney, the noted sporting man of Trenton, N. J., is doing a splendid business. Gaffney was Jack Keenan's backer in his match with Jimmy Mitchell.

Since Jack Welsh fought Sheriff, Mike Donovan's friends think it was very fortunate for Donovan that the police would not allow his match with Welsh to be decided in Philadelphia.

The following challenge explains itself:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., April 13, 1894.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:

DEAR SIR—Have you heard from any of the New Hampshire middle weights? If you have not, I wish you would challenge again for me in this way: For me to spar any man, at catch weight, in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont four rounds, "Police Gazette" rules to govern, the man who shows himself to be the most scientific and clever boxer to win the match, or points to count, just whichever you think best, for from \$100 to \$300 a side, and the winner to receive 65 per cent. of the gate receipts, and the match to be made through you, and oblige

Yours, respectfully,

ED. M. CRAIG.

P. S.—Now I mean business, and you make them understand it so, and I will come to New York and put up the remaining \$250.

Near Dunkirk, N. Y., on April 12, there was a desperate prize fight between Tommy Dougherty, of Erie, Pa., and Miles Davis, of Tenawanda, N. Y. The pair fought according to the rules of the London prize ring for a purse of \$500. The fight was a slashing one while it lasted, seven rounds being fought in about 4 minutes.

In the first round the men fought with great desperation for 4 minutes, neither gaining any advantage. In the second round both faced each other and exchanged blow for blow until they began to show signs of fatigue. On went the struggle until Dougherty gained the best of the situation, and sent Davis to grass by a sledge-hammer blow in the neck.

Time was called for the third round, and Davis was up and in place. The fight from this out was a savage one, and when at the end of the seventh round the cry of "police" caused a cessation of hostilities and a universal stampede of those present, it was impossible to determine who had received or dealt the largest amount of punishment. The alarm was a false one, and the principals were willing to continue the battle, but were prevented from doing so by friends, who were alarmed at the dimensions of the crowd which was steadily increasing. The pugilists resumed their apparel and returned to the city. Both were terribly disfigured, the mutual punishment having been very severe. The affair was managed very quietly, and the local authorities got no word of it, although some of

the older sports were given the "tip," but failed to put in an appearance.

Denny Kelleher, of Philadelphia, who recently boxed Wm. Sheriff at Arthur Chambers' Champions' Rest, is now matched to fight Frank Hearded a four-round glove contest on the evening of April 21, for \$250 a side, the winner to receive the total receipts of the house. Kelleher wishes to state that it was by no means his fault that the match arranged with the Prussian for March 31 did not come off.

Lynch, the Albany pugilist, who boxed Charley Mitchell last summer, has a backer in Albany who will wager any amount of money that Mitchell can not knock him out in either four or six rounds with or without gloves.

Jimmy Golden says he is not rich enough to fight for \$1,000 or \$2,000 a side, but is open to meet any middle weight for \$250 or \$500.

Tom Henry, who whipped Jimmy Murray at Pelham, is out on bail and will be tried in May.

On April 12, Tom McAlpine posted \$25 for Jack Dempsey to spar Tom Henry four rounds for \$100 a side and gate receipts in ten or twelve days from signing articles of agreement, the hall to be mutually agreed upon.

Recently, at Lynch's "Police Gazette" sporting hall, 47 Green street, Albany, there was a grand sparring exhibition between amateurs of Albany and Greenbush. The first set-to was between Bud Grimes, of Albany, and a gentleman from Greenbush, which resulted, after four hotly-contested rounds, in favor of Grimes. Next followed Brooklyn, the sparrer, known as the "Albany boot-black," and Cheeky Bill, which resulted in favor of Cheeky Bill, Brooklyn being no match for his adversary. Next came the event of the evening. It was for a purse of \$100 between Kenmore Tommy and a gentleman named Thorn, who manages a fruit-stand on State street. Both men stripped for the occasion. In the first round Kenmore Tommy knocked Thorn all over the stage. When time was called for the second round Thorn appeared weak, and after exchanging a few, the round ended in favor of Tommy. When time was called for the third round the fruit-dealer failed to respond, and, amid the cheering of the audience, Kenmore Tommy was awarded the money.

THE WINNETTS.

[With Portraits.]

Mr. T. H. Winnett and his charming wife are prime favorites on the American stage. The lady was born at Thornhill, near Toronto, Canada, and does not hesitate to give the date of her birth as Aug. 15, 1855. She made her first appearance in public at Dayton, Ohio, as a soubrette, in March, 1873, and shortly after was an attraction in Cincinnati, in connection with Mr. Winnett, in German sketches and double fig dancing. Then followed a successful tour in all the principal vaudeville theatres of the country, where the clever pair were always well received. They then formed a company of their own, and with a comedy drama entitled "Deep Water," made a profitable trip on the road. They are still on their way, with profit to themselves and pleasure to their audiences. They promise a more ambitious flight in an American play, entitled, "For-saken." Mr. Winnett is a New Yorker by birth, having first seen light in this city on May 23, 1831. He started on his theatrical career in Williamsburgh, L. I., in 1847, with a company of negro minstrels, and made such a success that he soon found engagements with R. M. Hooley, Skiff & Gaylord, Sam Sanford's Minstrels, Kunkel's Nightingale Serenaders, and other famous troupes. It was in 1872 that he met and was mated to his present able helpmate, and the two have proved to be a team hard to beat.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 54, out Saturday, April 15, contains: Very hard luck; the strange misadventures of a well restaurant waiter; beautifully illustrated. The doctor's darling; inside facts of an extraordinary metropolitan scandal; the heroine an outcast and the hero in his grave; a visit to a French ball and what came of it; a friend of the family; magnificently illustrated. The Tombs; a peep into the Newgate of the new world; the romances and realities; superbly illustrated. Brooklyn's girl burglar; the strange story of lovely Ella Larrabee, Sunday-school teacher and "crook;" illustrated. A black butcher roasted; illustrated. Kerosened to glory; illustrated. He smashed the show-case; illustrated. Where they meet; the popular assignation places of Gotham, from the post-office to the park. Ballet secrets. Poker sharps and flats. On der Shquare. The prompter. The referee. The prowler. The billboard.

The only 5-cent Illustrated Sporting and Sensational Paper in America. Sold by all newsdealers, or by mail. GAZETTE and Doings, one year, \$3.00.

AN INSANE CRIME.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The sixteen-year-old daughter of James Johnson, living in Forest Port, N. Y., was found dead in bed under mysterious circumstances on April 3. A bullet wound was found in her heart over the heart. No one had heard the report of any firearm. Dr. Abbot made a post-mortem examination and found that the ball of 32-caliber had passed through the heart, lodging in the spine.

Diligent investigation showed that Miss Johnson was murdered by her mother, who is partially insane. The revolver with which the deed is supposed to have been committed was found in the house several rooms away from where the body was discovered. Mr. Johnson remained at home most of the time to care for his demented wife. The jury viewed the body and adjourned the inquest.

The mother says nothing about the shooting. She is not violently insane, but has acted queerly for several years. She would hide whenever strangers came to her house, and do other things showing an unsettled mind.

A DIVE LIFE TOO MUCH FOR HER.

Milton Roblee, of Syracuse, N. Y., arrived in Bradford, Pa., April 7, in search of his sister, Della, who suddenly left home recently. Miss Roblee became an inmate of a barmio on Railroad street, Bradford. Almost immediately after her arrival she was taken ill with fever. A physician was called, and a day or two afterward the patient was removed to a dive at No. 11 Chestnut street, where she was found by her brother Milton. The meeting between brother and sister was very affecting. The girl was too ill to return home, and was removed to Mrs. Mark's infirmary, where she will receive good treatment. Miss Roblee says she is truly penitent, and is willing and anxious to return home, and promises in the future to lead a better life.

COCK-FIGHTING.

The "Police Gazette" Revised Rules to Govern All Mains in the Northern States

THE "Police Gazette" Revised Cock-fighting rules, which will henceforth govern all mains fought in the North and Middle Atlantic States, issued by Richard K. Fox, April 1, 1894, and indorsed and approved by James Dugrey, of Mechanicsville, Dennis Maloney, of Rochester, N. Y.; John Love, of New York city; Dennis Kearney, of Long Island, Wm. Clacker, of Newark; Frank Kelly, of Long Island, etc.

RULE 1.—The "Police Gazette" Revised Cock-fighting rules shall govern all mains fought in the Northern or Middle States, viz.: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia.

RULE 2.—Rich. K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, shall decide all questions and disputes that may arise.

RULE 3.—The pit shall be a circular one, at least 18 ft. in diameter, and not less than 16 ft. in height, the floor of which shall be covered with carpet, or some other suitable material. There shall be a chalk or other mark made as near as can be to the center of the pit; also, two outer marks, one foot each way from the center mark.

RULE 4.—The pitters shall choose a judge, who shall decide all matters in dispute during the pendency of a fight, and whose decision shall be final.

RULE 5.—Heels 1½ in. that are round from the socket to the point, are allowed to be fair. Any pitter bringing a cock in the pit with any other kind of heels, except by particular agreement, forfeits the battle.

RULE 6.—All cocks shall be heeled in the pit, and not taken out of it until the battle is decided and the winning cock weighed by the judge. The pitters, before heeling, shall declare the weights and the terms of the match, and all bets made (afterward) cannot be declared off unless by consent of both parties. All bets to go according to the main bet.

RULE 7.—Chickens shall take their age from the 1st day of March, and shall be chickens during the following fighting season—to wit: from the 1st day of March, 1894, to the 1st day of June, 1895.

RULE 8.—It shall be deemed foul for either pitter to put a cock with what is termed a foul hackle—that is, any of the shining feathers left whole upon the mane or neck; or, if either cock should be trimmed with a close, unfair hack, the judge shall direct the others to cut in the same manner, and at the time shall warn the pitter that if he bring another cock in the pit in the like situation he shall forfeit the battle.

RULE 9.—The pitters shall let each cock bill each other three or more times, but this is not to be construed that the pitter of a cock shall have a right to bill each with his opponent's cock for the purpose of fagging him.

RULE 10.—No pitter shall be permitted to handle his cock after he is fairly delivered in the pit, unless he counts ten clear and distinct without either cock making fight, or shall be fast in his adversary, or fast in the carpet, or hung in the web of the pit, or in himself, or if on his back the pitter shall turn him on his belly, but not take him off the floor.

RULE 11.—Whenever a cock is fast in his adversary, the pitter of the cock, when the spurs are fast in, shall draw them out, but the pitter of a cock has no right to draw his own spurs except when fast in himself, or in the carpet, or in the web of the pit.

RULE 12.—No pitter, after the cocks have been delivered in the pit, shall be permitted to clean their beaks or eyes by blowing or otherwise, or squeaking their cock, or to press them against the floor or in the hands, or to hover or press on them so as to retard them striking during the pendency of a fight.

RULE 13.—When either pitter shall have counted ten times successively without the cock refusing fight making fight again, breathing them fair on their feet, breast to breast and back to back on the center mark, on the fifth ten being told and also on the ninth ten being told, shall have won the fight; the pitters are bound to tell each ten as they count them, as follows—once twice, etc.

RULE 14.—When a cock is pounded, and no person takes it until the pitter counts twenty twice, and calls three times, "Who takes it?" and no person takes it, it is a battle to the cock the odds are upon; but the pitter of the pounded cock may demand the pound to be put up in the judge's hands—that is, \$20 to \$1. Should this not be done, then the pitter will go on as though there were no poundage.

RULE 15.—If a cock is pounded, and the poundage taken, and if the cock the odds are laid against should get up and knock down his adversary, then if the other cock is pounded and the poundage not taken before the pitter counts twenty twice, and calls out three times, "Who takes it?" he wins; although there was a poundage before.

RULE 16.—It shall be the duty of the respective pitters to deliver their cocks fair on their feet, on the outer mark, facing each other, and in a standing position, except on the fifth ten being told, and also on the ninth ten being told, when they shall be placed on the center mark, breast to breast and back to back in like manner. Any pitter being guilty of showing his cock across the score, or of pinching him, or using any unfair means for the purpose of making his cock fight, shall lose the fight.

RULE 17.—If both cocks refuse, or if they should both fight together, and then both refuse, it is a drawn battle. In such a case the pitter counting counts for both.

RULE 18.—If a cock should die before he is counted out, if he fought last, he wins the battle.

RULE 19.—The crowing or the raising of the hackle of a cock is not fight, nor in fighting at the pitter's hands. A breaking cock is a fighting cock, but a cock breaking from his adversary is not fight.

RULE 20.—If any dispute arises between the pitters during the pendency of a fight, the cocks are not to be taken out of the pit, nor their gaffs taken off until it is decided by the judge, which should be done promptly; and the pitter refusing, if ordered to renew the fight, shall lose the battle.

RULE 21.—Each cock within 2 ounces of each other shall be a match, except blinkers, when fighting against two eyed cocks, an allowance of 4 ounces will be made. When blinkers are matched against each other, the same rule to apply as to two-eyed cocks.

RULE 22.—Any person fighting a cock heavier than he is represented on the match list, shall lose the fight although he may have won—but all outside bets are off.

RULE 23.—The greasing or soaping a cock or any other external application, or the filling of the heels, are unfair practices, and the pitter so offending shall lose the battle, and shall forfeit all right to handle in this pit—and all outside bets are off.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Breezes From the Baseball Field and Points
About the Players--News and Gossip
From All Over the Country.

FRANK is a jewel at second base.
Will Bob Ferguson ever take a drop?
New men are getting the grand bounce.
TAMM did not last long in New York.
BESS has no effect on Mairie, as he can bathe in it.
It is about one in ten of the new men worth keeping.
The air will be filled with baseballs in another week.
The old man is as blind as a bat, and don't know Braddy from McGuire.

The report that Jack Manning is nursing a lame arm is incorrect. It is not his arm.

Will Papa Chadwick ever stop slobbering about the Brooklyn Club and its able management?

When the championship season opens it will be great sport to see the Metropolitans make hash.

The old man is getting his second sight, and can see men that are not within 100 miles of the city.

Will the Buffalo Club ever stop boasting that they have not paid any advance money this season?

The way Burdock gets his big record in Boston is by ballizing the scribes and threatening to lick them.

Bum ball-players will soon be at a discount, as they are being released right and left in every direction.

MANAGER JACK CHAPMAN felt very sick at his stomach when the Washingtons shut out his crack Detroit, 6 to 0.

The Union Club in Boston is undoubtedly organized upon a solid basis, and solid business men are at the helm.

If Jack Lynch had not burst his suspenders the other day he would have made a home run instead of striking out.

The Cincinnati Enquirer advises the Chicago players to use their catcher, who is 6 ft 8 in high, for a flag-staff on off-days.

HARRY WRIGHT has struck a good one in Andrews, who gives promise of becoming one of the choicest players in the arena.

BABY AMOS is going to build up a reputation this season as a disciplinarian by making the Chicago players walk the chalk-line.

BONNIE MATTHEWS has shaved off his mustache, and for the forty-seventh season comes upon the diamond field looking like a little boy.

CORON is handling the ash in a wonderful manner this spring, and bets are freely made that he will lead the country in batting this season.

JACK CHAPMAN, of the Detroit, is heart-sick with the style in which his League team have been playing thus far this season, and he is becoming despondent.

It is really not necessary for any man to go outside the Polo Grounds for bad whisky, as he can get more than he can hold under the east wing of the grand stand.

TOM MAXWELL is not wielding the ash this season with as much force as he did last year. Instead of knocking the cover off the ball, as he expected, he is only ripping the stitches.

The first baseball match of the season in St. Louis was played Sunday, March 23, and was witnessed by over 5,000 spectators. This plainly shows the wonderful interest taken in our National Game.

The Baltimoreers are showing up in their spring exhibition games in most excellent form, and if they don't make the American Club play ball for all it is worth then we are no judges of ball-playing.

The Buffalo pulled out \$400 as their share of the receipts in the first Buffalo-Buffalo game at Baltimore, which accounts for Manager Barrie stopping the game in Baltimore between the Buffalo and Princeton.

RICHARDSON and Jones, two of New York's new men, have surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the management by their excellent playing, and Oakes will have to walk the chalk-line this season, or he will be replaced by younger blood.

It is a perfect shame that Harry Wright is bound down by the laws of the great baseball combination to a limited number of players. He has 25 now, which is all the law allows him; still he has not got a hundredth part as many players as he needs to win the championship of the League.

What on earth is getting over Barrie that he does not get his players cardigan jackets. He could have been excused a month ago when he was on his uppers, but at present the Baltimore Club is making plenty of money, and there is no reason for his exposing the boys to this chilly spring weather.

The American Association championship schedule has been so ably arranged by Jimmy Williams and O. P. Caylor, that the first twenty games played by the Toledo, Indianapolis and Columbus clubs will be apt to put them out of the way for the rest of the season, with the Brooklyn and Washingtons in close proximity.

From the manner in which many of the leading professionals of this country are talking at present, there will be a general stampede next year from the ranks of the League and American Association, and the Union will have the choicest players in the country, if they are able to weather the storm and keep up their organization.

There is such a wonderful feeling existing between the people of St. Paul and Minneapolis, that it will be war to the knife between their representative teams during the coming season, and as they will play ten games together, five in each city, some tragic scenes may be expected if the "gulf" from their respective cities is to be believed.

A Washington paper says: "When Sweeney, Denny and Crogan arrived in Washington from Frisco, they were tired, dirty and well begrimed from their long journey. Their appearance aroused the suspicions of a detective at the depot, and he accompanied them to Mike Scanlon's, and that gentleman now has the laugh on both parties."

The Louisville people imagine that they have about the best club in the American Association, and actually make an old salt sit at his stomach by the way they are constantly drawing comparisons. When they strike New York, June 7, the Metropolitans will teach them something about baseball that they will be apt to remember for the remainder of the season.

The Fort Wayne Gazette is highly complimented in its praise of the virtues of Frank Herber and Edward Warner, the two Baltimore youths who have been engaged to play this season with the Fort Wayne Club. The boys have not become acquainted yet; in a few more weeks, when the Baltimore element begins to bud forth, the Gazette scribe will have an opportunity to change his tactics.

The Boston Globe says that "Sutton is taking everything that comes anywhere near him this year." The Globe was read eagerly in New York city, and it was amusing to see the style in which the spectators clung to their pocket-books with one hand and their watches with the other, after buttoning up their coats to hide their diamonds, while the Bostoners were playing the Metropolitans in this city.

The Minneapolis Club are going into fancy colors this season, with the anticipation of catching the eye of the public, and including them to come to see their games, even if they do get beaten every time they play. See, like other clubs, are to have two suits. The one consists of white striped caps and shirts, white pants and blue stockings, while the other is made up of black jerseys, caps and stockings, and maroon pants.

The Cincinnati Enquirer still keeps digging away at the American Club of that city. In speaking of the Cincinnati-Grand Rapids game they say: "The attendance... the best so far this season for this park, and that is not saying much, as the crowd only numbered somewhere between 300 and 500 people." Between the Enquirer and Commercial-Gazette, the game of baseball in Cincinnati stands a fair chance of going off this spring in galloping conflagration.

There is nothing like strategy in doing a fine point, and in this respect the Brooklyn police and firemen deserve great credit for the manner in which they have outwitted their officials. As baseball is out of the line of their respective duties, they were not

able to gain consent to indulge in this exhilarating sport, but in order to beat around the bush they have arranged a series of five games to be played for the Widows and Orphans' Fund of their respective departments.

A young Michigan farmer, desirous of becoming a professional ball-thrower, has adopted a novel way of accomplishing his object. The Detroit Club were not willing to take him on trial on his merits, so his "Nibs" in order to get a fair opportunity to test his ability, is accompanying the Detroit in their April games, at his own expense, paying all his traveling expenses, hotel bills, etc. If the Detroit could strike a few more "chumps" like this, they would come out with a pile of greenbacks at the end of the season.

If the Baltimore Club are as far behind the age this season in the championship race as the car-line are running to the Baltimore baseball grounds, they had better sell out their organization before they lose on it, as the car company only furnish one car for the accommodation of from 3,000 to 4,000 people at the close of a match. When asked why they didn't furnish more cars during the season, the answer given was, "We will have to buy more horses if we put on more cars, and we nearly killed our horses last year dragging the crowds away from the ball-field."

"BILLY" HOLMES visited Cuba as a lumber merchant, under the name of "Don Camillo Guzman Miguel Pedrito de Quintana y Ribera y Santallos y Herrera y de Rivas y Mendosa y Ximenes y de Rosa y Zorilla." He claimed that he learned to play baseball in Spain, and during his stay in the province of Cuba, he just gave the boys a lift, in order to keep his hand in. The Cubans were at first suspicious, thinking he was a professional player, but the fluent way in which he expressed himself in Spanish paralyzed the Cubans and dispelled all doubt of his being other than a full-blooded Spaniard.

The baby work has commenced, and 7,000 people were kept in suspense for half an hour while Harry Wright and Lew Simmons pointed over an umpire. They even went so far as to announce that there would be no game, and the money would be refunded. The spectators, however, who were all business men, and had got away especially to see the game, were not going to be hoodwinked in this manner; so they made such a howl around the managerial sanctum that Harry got over his post in double quick time, and the game was commenced under a shower of mingled hisses and cheers. The Philadelphiaans showed plainly that they were not a people to be tampered with by foolish whims of club managers.

Just to see how many suckers would nibble on the bait, the Police Gazette set a trap two weeks since and made some few changes in the circumstances connected with one of our paragraphs. It is needless to say that the hoax was a grand success. Some twenty-five or thirty papers copied the item in full, without giving us the slightest credit, and presented it to their readers as original matter. The item we allude to is in reference to Brady smacking the pie into Desaby's face at a ball in New Bedford. The pie portion of the story occurred in Philadelphia, and instead of it being Steve Brady it was a friend of Richardson's, a rough thug not a ball-player, who did it at the instigation of Richardson. The story got out through Desaby telling it to Brady while they were playing with the Hop Bitters, of Rochester, in 1880. The item, however, is still going the rounds of the "original press," with Brady as the villain.

The Brown University boys, who have spent the last twenty or thirty years in Greenland, played a game a few days since in Boston, and let one of the oldest "gags" in the arena be played upon them with great success, but, of course, their long absence from the civilized ball-field excuses them for their stupidity. While the Bostoners were at the bat, "Joe" Morang stood near third base, and as a man was put out at first, he started for the home plate at the top of his speed. The ball was quickly fielded to the catcher, whereupon "Joe" turned and started for third again. A great effort was then made to run him down, nearly all the Brown freshmen tackled him. "Joe" suddenly stopped, and smiled at the players around him. To their great chagrin they saw the trick that had been played upon them, while the crowd were convulsed with laughter.

There is nothing to compare with a good, clever thief, and if there be any one thing we admire it is an accomplished purveyor. Not one of those little petty larceny fellows, but a big-hearted, generous gentleman, who can steal a whole column without blushing. Men of such grit as this always make good soldiers. They can walk into the jaws of a cannon, and when riding out on the ball would have the nerve to coolly light a cigar and interview the sphere as to the rate of speed at which it was traveling and the amount of damage it was liable to do when it came in contact with the object at which it was fired. The Providence Sunday Dispatch has had the good fortune to secure one of these rarities to edit their baseball column, and he is doing his work to the queen's taste. Among his baseball items of April 13, he uses fifteen paragraphs he stole bodily from the Police Gazette, without the slightest sign of even a tinge of red upon his guilty brow. While it is a pleasure to meet with such enterprise as this, at the same time it grieves us to have the nice pictures in the Gazette inserted in order to give this baseball fiend a chance to write original matter. In the future, if he will only spare the pretty pictures we will gladly and willingly mail him a proof-sheet of our ball news, and will send it to him a week before we publish it ourselves, if he is anxious to be the first to announce it to the Providence people, as his little paper rarely ever gets outside of that city, unless it be by accident.

The Cincinnati press is divided up pretty evenly between the two rival clubs. The Commercial-Gazette is the organ of the American Association club, and the Cincinnati Enquirer blows the bugle for the Union Association club, while the public quietly enjoy the irony and bitter sarcasm of the respective scribes. This style comes perfectly natural to Caylor, whose very heart and soul was shriveled up years ago, and his every sentence nowadays is laced out between his teeth. The Enquirer kind of squares up the account in writing upon one of the Cincinnati-American games in the following manner: "The weather was cold and chilly, and not over 200 people occupied the large stands. Most of them were heavy overcoats, and spent the greater part of their time in walking the floors and taking other exercise to keep themselves warm. The players, when not actively engaged on the field, put on their overcoats, which they had convenient at the players' bench. Mark Wallace's bar did not do a thriving business, and his own lone, bald-headed waiter, in his shirt-sleeves and white apron, looked as cold as an icicle. His customary cry of 'fresh beer and cigars' was echoed back from the sides of the empty pavilions. After two or three attempts to secure a customer his voice froze up, and the bald-headed waiter disappeared below to thaw out on whisky. The score of overworked uniformed employees had a hard day of it yesterday. Blue coats, blue caps and brass buttons could be seen on every side, and they were as busy as the fifth wheel of a wagon. The principal part of their business consisted in vain endeavors to keep out of each other's way."

In a darkened room at the club-house of the Chicago Ball Club recently was to be seen a bed made up on the floor, and in it could be discerned the motionless forms of two persons. A third sat near by fulfilling the sad functions of watcher. The latter was Kelly, the right-fielder and change catcher; the other two were Williamson and Goldsmith. "For heaven's sake, what has happened?" was the startled inquiry of the Tribune reporter. "They were," responded Kelly, in mournful tones; "all there is left of 'em. Rather more than a bunch of toothpicks, but not much." "You don't tell me—'Yes; they are there; they are; they had to come to it; it was only a question of time." Just then there was a movement in the bed, and the head of Williamson popped out from under the heavy weight of cover. His face was as red as a beet and swathed in perspiration. Then Goldsmith poked out an equally moist and blooming countenance. They were not dead, then; not even ill; they had been taking a terrific sweat, and were now cooling off. "Look in the other room," said Williamson. "If you think it's hot here." In the adjoining room was a mammoth stove in full blast, and scattered blankets, rugs, old bat-bags, canvas flaps, and the like, which had served as wraps for the sweaters in the earlier stages of the operation. With astonishing patriotism for a Canadian, Goldsmith had insisted upon being rolled up in an old American flag as the finishing touch to his embaumement, while Williamson had to be content with an old piece of carpet, which the big black dog of exercise yards used to sleep on. What with low diet, brisk exercise, and an hour a day inside the stars and stripes, Goldsmith has high hopes of wasting himself down to a mere shadow of about 200 weight, while Williamson is encouraged to think the dog's carpet will take off fifteen or twenty pounds and bring him to about 185. Both these fleshy Buthornes are trying very hard to live up to their new ideals, and with occasional intervals for rest and refreshment they confidently expect to become sufficiently methodical for ball-playing purposes.—Chicago Tribune.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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RICHARD E. FOX.

S. H., Baltimore.—No.

F. E., Troy, N. Y.—It was on Sept. 24, 1876.

E. M. D., Pittsburg.—The dealer lost the deal.

Gnomon Hogan, Staten Island.—We cannot publish your portrait.

JOCKEY, Hoboken, N. J.—Send on \$2, and we will send the book you want.

D. B., Fall River, Mass.—Write to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

A. E. W., Rock Springs, W. T.—He never won any to our knowledge.

Old Spook, Bergen, N. J.—In a poker game, a straight flush beats 4 aces.

P. E., Jasper, N. Y.—I. Donnelly fought Cooper, Hall and Oliver, 3 to No.

A Synonym, Globe Village, Mass.—Yankee Sullivan's name was Frank Abrose.

M. W., Potville, Pa.—Billy Edwards stands 5 ft 4½ in. 2. He used to mill at 124 lbs.

H. T., Denver, Col.—Joe Coburn was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, March 5, 1877.

J. A., Akron, Ohio.—A champion pugilist must fight all comers, if he desires to hold that title.

R. H., Lafayette, Ind.—Write to Edward S. Stokes, Hoffman House, Broadway, New York City.

D. M., Baltimore, Md.—James Eiley never defeated Edward Hanlan in a race for the championship.

H. J., Buffalo, N. Y.—I. James Hamill died at Pittsburg, Jan. 10, 1878. 2. He was thirty-seven years old.

T. W., Mansfield, Ohio.—"Sleepy Tom's" best public record, made at Chicago, Ill., July 25, 1879, is 2:13½.

M. N., Louisville, Ky.—Tom Hyer fought George McChester and Yankee Sullivan, winning in both instances.

H. W. T., St. Paul, Minn.—Dan O'Leary was born at Carrigoe, near Clonakilly, Cork, Ireland, June 23, 1846.

D. E., Stapleton, S. I.—I. Lewis Gibson, the English carman, was born at Putney, Eng. 2. He weighs 148 lbs.

M. P., Butler, Pa.—Ned Searles, of Sing Sing, N. Y., best record for jumping 1 single standing jump is 13 ft 5½ in.

S. W., Charleston, S. C.—Baseball pitchers all have different styles of pitching, so that it is impossible to decide.

G. C., Pittsburg, Pa.—E. P. Weston ran any other man never walked 100 miles in 10h. You are a little mixed up.

CONSTANT KADAM, Lockport.—Richard K. Fox was not born in England; he was born in Belfast, Ireland, and B wins.

B. C., Long Pine, Neb.—I. A stone is 14 lbs. weight. 2. Hanlan, J. C. Jem came called Ned Heenan and Sayers in 1880.

J. B., Portsmouth, N. H.—Evan Morris was born at Allegheny, Pa., Dec. 15, 1851. He stands 5 ft 8 in, and weighs 158 lbs.

D. C., Rochester, N. Y.—I. A greyhound is the fastest. 2. Three-pound dumb-bells are the most used. 3. Geo. Rooke.

J. W., New York.—Write to the secretary of the clubs you mention. We don't know their initiation or members' fees.

J. D. W., Cambridge, I. Not that we are aware of. 2. Aaron Jones was born at Shropshire, Eng., and not in this country.

D. W., Portsmouth, N. H.—John McMahon was defeated by Wm. Farrell, in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match, for \$300, July 14, 1877.

W. W., Rochester, N. Y.—I. No. 2. One of the bones in Hammer Lane's right forearm, in his fight with Yankee Sullivan, was fractured.

M. M., Chicago, Ill.—I. Casino is correct; he could not build off the table. 2. John Morrissey's colors were silk, blue ground with white dots.

M. S., Louisville, Ky.—The time given out in connection with races run on the English turf cannot be depended upon or considered reliable.

H. S., Perth, Ill.—When Bogardus defeated Pennell, in the 100-bird match in England, June 23, 1879, he killed 70 out of 100. Pennell killed 68.

H. A., Philadelphia, Pa.—I. Arthur Chambers is the retired light-weight champion pugilist of America. 2. Charley Norton holds the title.

C. M., Akron, Ohio.—I. Maud S. trotted a mile in 2:10½, at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1881. 2. Maud S. was accompanied by a running mate.

M. H., Lexington, Ky.—I. The Great Eastern was launched January, 1888. 2. She is 600 ft long, with 85 ft beam; ordinary tonnage, 12,000.

J. S., New York.—I. Ned Keale, the famous English pugilist, was born at Streatham, Surrey, Eng., March 25, 1805. 2. His parents were Irish.

B. M. and M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—Time taken in any contest for purse or premium stake, or wager, or involving admission fees, constitutes a record.

S. W., Chester, Pa.—"The Black Crook" was first performed at Niblo's Garden, New York, Sept. 12, 1866. It was produced 474 times consecutively.

B. D., Newfield, N. Y.—I. Four-pound clubs are heavy enough to commence with. 2. B was, owing to his opponent having seven cards and denying it.

F. L., Chicago.—The pugilist who boasts of the name of Tommy Chandler, now residing in Chicago, is not the pugilist who defeated Dooney Harris, in California.

B. H. M., Lamberton, N. J.—Ned O'Baldwin and Jem Mace were to have fought for the championship of England, Oct. 15, 1867, but Mace was arrested the night before.

Mowry, Des Moines.—Charles Lownds, of Workop, England, on Dec. 27, 1883, with 78½ yards start, won a 202-yard Sheffield handicap by three-quarters of a yard; W. Juby was second, and J. Franklin was third.

G. W., Galena, Ill.—I. In a few minutes after the fight Heenan was as blind as a mole. 2. No. Tom Sayers' arm was not broken, but it was disabled so much that he could not use it during the greater part of the fight.

Y. S., Baltimore.—Walter Jamison, better known as Sam Colyer, never defeated Billy Edwards. The pugilist whom Colyer defeated, at Rickland, Pa., 15 miles from Newark, Del., was Billy Kelly, of New York.

A. M., Indianapolis.—I. Goes keeps a sporting house in Boston. 2. Goes and Tom Allen fought for \$2,500 a side and the championship of America on Sept. 7, 1876, in Boone and Kent counties, Ky. 3. Goes won by a foul in 21 rounds, in 46m.

S. S., Toronto, Can.—The torpedo boat, proposed by Admiral Porter, was launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1873. The dimensions were 170 ft in length, 25 ft beam, 13 ft hold, and weight, without machinery, 557,000 lbs.

W. M., Baltimore, Md.—It was with Wm. Goldthwait that John McDevitt was playing when he ran 1,825. They played 1,500 points up, four-ball, French carroms, at Cooper Institute, New York, Jan. 8, 1888, and McDevitt won by 1,827 points.

Conway's Bazaar, Albany, N. Y.—Billy Edwards beat Sam Colyer Aug. 24, 1886, 47 rounds, 144m, for \$1,000 a side; beat Sam Colyer, March 2, 1879, 40 rounds, 45m, for \$1,000; beat Sam Colyer, Aug. 8, 1874, 10 rounds, 24m, for \$1,000 a side.

M. W., Portland, Me.—Richard A. Pennell has elevated a 20½-lb dumb-bell. He used both hands to raise the bell to the shoulder, then pushed it slowly up with one hand until the arm was fully extended and the body brought to an erect position.

J. W. H., Arkansas City.—I. The largest stakes ever fought for was \$10,000, by Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, at Rocky Point, Md., Feb. 7, 1849. 2. The longest distance covered in a running jump is 29 ft 7 in, by John Howard, of Chester, England, in 1864.

J. M. S., Brookhaven.—I. No. 2. All lotteries are illegal. 3.

Legally, you cannot make any patented article; but practically you can, for the simple reason that no patentee would think of bringing an action for infringement unless you interfered with his business.

D. H., Omaha, Neb.—According to the rules that governed the English champion belt, the pugilist holding the trophy was not compelled to arrange a second match until the first had been decided. When one battle had been fought he was then bound to fight the next challenger within the ensuing six months.

R. X. E. C.—Whilst we cannot vouch for the reliability of all parties, we will state that no person can use the columns of this paper unless faith is kept with our readers. Any person making complaint against any advertiser for failure to do this will be sure to command an investigation and prompt attention on our part.

H. S., St. Louis, Mo.—I. Hanlan was born at Toronto, Canada, July 13, 1855. 2. Chas. E. Courtney was born at Union Springs, N. Y., in 1849. 3. He stands 6 ft 1½ in in height and weighs 173 lbs. 4. If you send for the "Life of Hanlan" you will get all the information you need. It is published by the Police Gazette, price, 50 cents.

T. W., Covington, Ky.—I. Judge Gilderlove. 2. The first international match was shot at Creedmore, in 1874, between a team of six members of the Amateur Rifle Club and an Irish team composed of six of the winners of the Ribo shield of 1873. It was won by the Americans with a score of 984 out of a possible 1,350, and the beaten team only 3 points behind.

T. O., Dayton, Ala.—I. William Hastings, also known as Dublin Tricks, fought two battles in England, one of which he won and the other drawn, and one in this country, which he won. 2. In the fight between Donnelly and Cooper, the latter was knocked down the greater part of the time. 3. John C. Heenan was born in West Troy, consequently he was not an Irishman.

T. L., New York City.—The proprietor of this paper is his own business manager, and personally superintends each department of his large and increasing business. Armstrong and Steele were merely clerks employed by Mr. Fox, and are no longer connected with the Police Gazette, and under no circumstances should any favors be shown them, no matter what representations they may make.

M. L., Louisville, Ky.—Jim Sanford, better known as American Phenomenon, was born in New Jersey. In 1821 Sanford and Hammond fought at Belleville, N. J. The battle was said to have been terrific, and Sanford was getting the best of his opponent, when the police appeared and stopped the mill. Sanford's name went on increasing, and he had several turn-up affairs. In 1823 he fought Hatfield, near the Dry Dock, New York. Sanford won in 37 rounds.

D. C. A., Milwaukee, Mich.—I. Heenan and King fought for the largest stakes ever fought for in England. 2. The largest stakes fought for in England prior to this battle was that in the match between Tom Spring and John Gully, \$5,000. Spring and Jack Langan also fought for the same amount. It is a difficult matter for the Police Gazette to decide the question as to which of the pugilists the greatest amount of money was bet on, but we think it was bet on Geo. Broughton.

T. T., Elmira, N. Y.—I. Tom Connors weighed 140 lbs when he defeated Eli Smith. 2. At Oldham, England, 3. The contest lasted through a whole day, neither gaining a fall. The match was postponed for a few days, and, on meeting again, Smith was defeated. Acton and Smith were matched to wrestle four times; the first match fell through, owing to a dispute about weighing; in the second match Acton was defeated; the third was at catch-weight, and the fourth ended in a draw.

J. M., Fort Huron, Mich.—I. No. 2. Mace will return to this country. 3. In 1872 Mace was matched to fight Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, for \$2,000 and the championship of the world. The battle was to have been fought in Virginia on July 15, but the authorities prevented the departure of the boats which had been chartered for the excursion. The stakeholder, Alderman Wm. McMullen, of Philadelphia, ordered another meeting, which took place at Collier's Station, on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in West Virginia, but they could not agree on a referee. The stakes were subsequently withdrawn, and the match ended in a fizzle.

M. W. O., Harrisburg, Pa.—I. No. 2. In 1882. 3. Yes. 4. The gout and rheumatism are diseases caused by excess of uric acid in the system, and the only rational cure is to get rid of this. To do so, do not let fresh be formed whilst you are getting rid of that already made. Abstain from flesh foods and alcoholic drinks prevents uric acid from forming, whilst the drinking freely of hot water and the use of hot baths will help to relieve the system of it. Drugs should be avoided, as some destroy the blood corpuscles, and some form combinations with the uric acid, which are more difficult to get rid of than the original waste, and so prolong the disease.

E. E., Toronto, Can.—I. Paisley Reardon was born in 1837, and weighed 142 lbs. 2. He beat Lass for \$50, 25 rounds being fought in 30m, July 11, 1889; beat Smith for \$250, 42 rounds, in 1h 5m, when the police interfered, May 1, 1890; fought a draw with Shipp, \$140 to \$100, 9 rounds, in 1h 15m, when the police again interfered; on April 3 and 5 they fought again, when darkness came on, 27 rounds being fought in 3h 10m; fought Geo. King for \$500, 14 rounds, in 2h 26m, when the referee declared the fight a draw, March 23, 1887; beat Bob Travers, the Black, for \$100, July 15, 1887, when the police interfered; they met the following day, and fought 55 rounds in 4h 4m; beat Jim Dillon for \$1,000, in 56 rounds, lasting 3h 11m; Dec. 9, 1887. A match was made between Shipp and Reardon, when Shipp died in training—that was in 1833; he then fought a draw with Jack Rooke for \$1,000, in 4 rounds, lasting 1h 5m.

H. M., Rochester, N. Y.—Harry Lazarus was stabbed in his own bar-room, 13 Houston street, New York, Jan. 3, 1893, by his next-door neighbor, Barney Friery, the partner of Rocky Moore, in the saloon known as the "10-40 Loan." It appears from the evidence elicited at the coroner's inquest that about 4 o'clock in the morning, Friery drove up to the door of Harry's saloon in a sleigh, jumped out, and entering the saloon with some friends, walked up to Lazarus, held out his hand, saying: "Harry, you and I have had a difference for some time; let us shake hands and be friends." Harry at once said "agreed," and put out his hand, when Friery treacherously plunged a knife into his neck, severing the carotid artery. He then darted out of the saloon, sprang into a sleigh, and drove rapidly away. Harry fell to the floor, bleeding profusely, and before medical aid could be procured the vital force was extinct.

E. J. T., Board of Supervisors, Brooklyn, N. Y., and J. M. C., Baltimore.—Sam Collier is forty-two years of age, stands 5 ft 5½ in in height, and weighs, in condition, 128 lbs. Collier's proper name is Walter Jamison; he was born in this country, and his parents were of Scotch and French descent. He always resided in Brooklyn till the war broke out in 1861, when he volunteered and went to the scene of action with a regiment from Brooklyn, under Col. Alexander. He served in the army, gaining many laurels for his bravery at Fortress Monroe. Collier's first battle was with Mike Carr, better known as "English," on April 30, 1866, near Baltimore. Collier won in 14 rounds, lasting 24m. On May 8, 1866, he defeated Race Bolster, of Washington, near Alexandria, Va., in 40 rounds, lasting 43m. The stakes were \$200. He then defeated Barney Aaron at Pothick Landing, W. Va., for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship, in 47 rounds, lasting 2h 5m. Collier's next battle was with Johnny McGlade, of New York, at 128 lbs, for \$1,000 a side. The battle was decided on Jan. 15, 1867, at Goldsboro, Pa., nine miles from Harrisburg. Collier won in 47 rounds, lasting 55m. Collier again arranged a match with Barney Aaron on fight for \$1,000 and the light-weight championship. The fight was decided at Aquia Creek, Va., fifty miles from Washington, on June 13, 1867. Sixty-seven rounds were fought in 1h 55m, when Aaron was declared the winner. Collier was then matched to fight Billy Kelly, of New York, for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship. The fight was decided at Strickland, Pa., on Nov. 27, 1867. Collier won in 111 rounds, fought in 1h 50m. On Aug. 24, 1868, Collier met Billy Edwards at Cherry Point, Va., for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship. Edwards won in 47 rounds, lasting 1h 14m. On March 7, 1870, Collier again fought Billy Edwards, for the same amount and title, at Myrtle Island, Conn. Edwards was again the victor. Forty rounds were fought in



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

LOTTIE WINNETT.

[Photo by Mora.]

Australian Kelly Garroted and Robbed.

There was quite a sensation in sporting circles on Saturday night, April 12, when Jim Kelly, better known as Australian Kelly, the hero of the longest fight on record, was waylaid and robbed at the New York entrance of the Brooklyn bridge, by George Curtis and James Watson. It appears that Kelly, who now owns a farm and carries on a tanning business, at Matteawan, N. J., came to New York to visit his aunt, who resides in Brooklyn. On his return he was garroted and robbed of \$40.

Bridge Officer Hommelstein, who was standing on the steps of the bridge, saw the robbery committed. At the time the men stood directly under the bright electric light in front of Hillen's saloon, next to the bridge. Officer Hom-

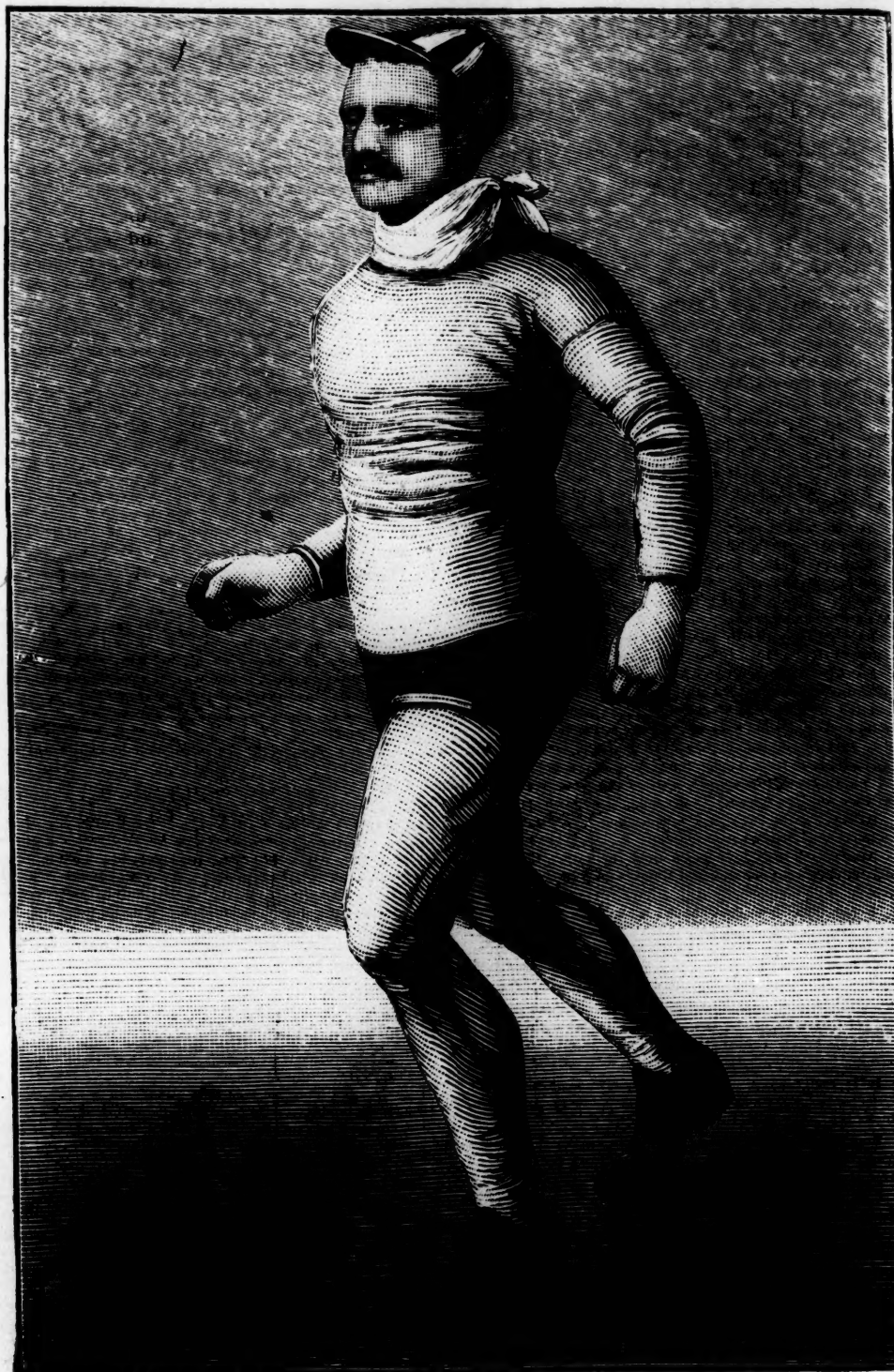
melstein sprang forward and caught the garroters, one with each hand, and took them unassisted to the Oak Street Police Station. Here they gave their ages as eighteen and twenty years. Curtis is the younger of the two.

They were escorted to the Tombs, where Kelly said he visited his aged aunt in Brooklyn. He left her home at a late hour and crossed to this city by way of the bridge. He had barely put his feet on the sidewalk in this city, when two roughly-dressed young men approached him from Chatham street.

"Mister, will yer give us er nickel?" asked one, as he extended his hand.

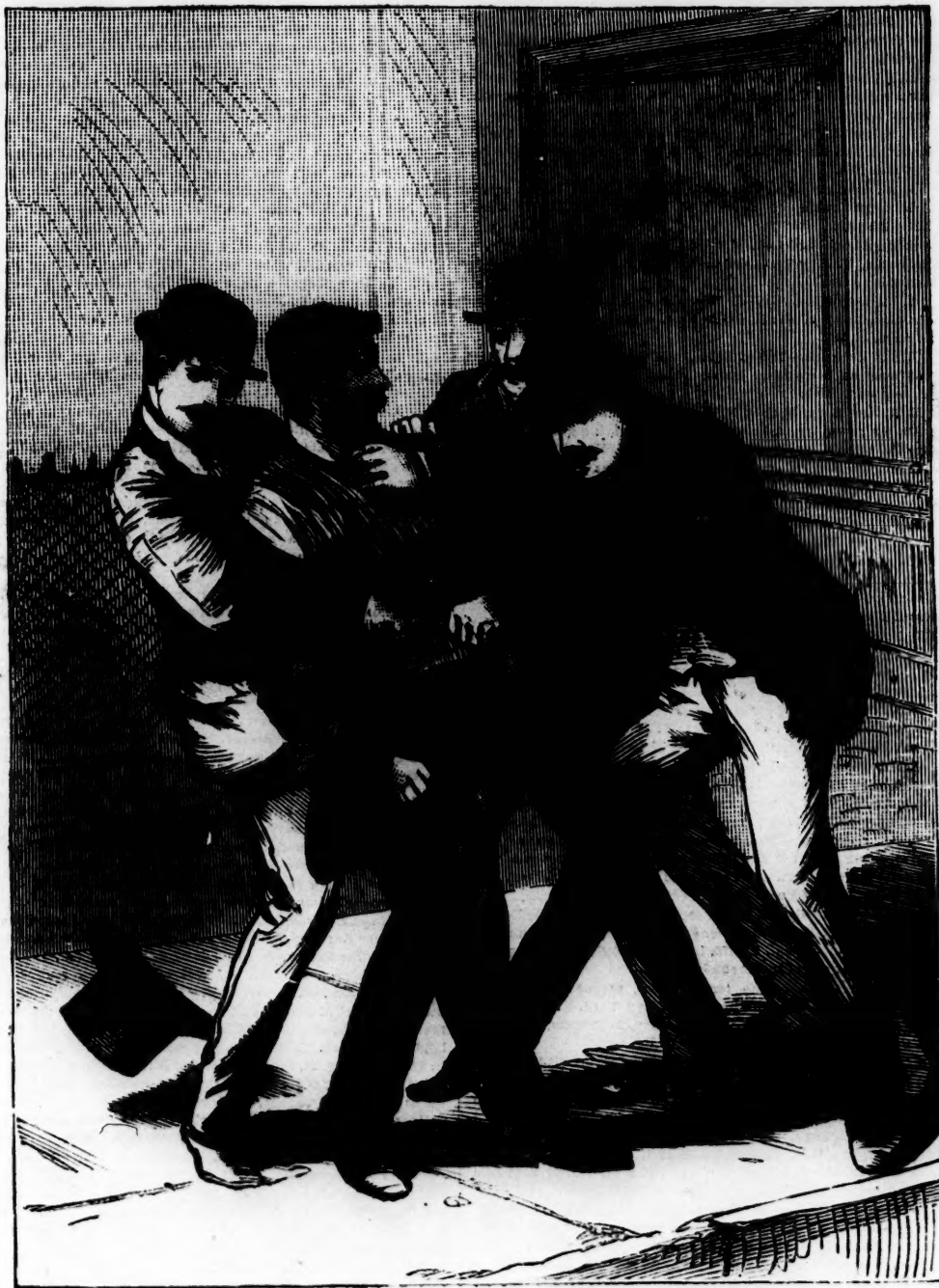
"We hain't had nothin' to eat since breakfast," whined the other.

Kelly, who was under the influence of liquor,



CHARLES ROWELL,

THE CHAMPION LONG DISTANCE PEDESTRIAN.



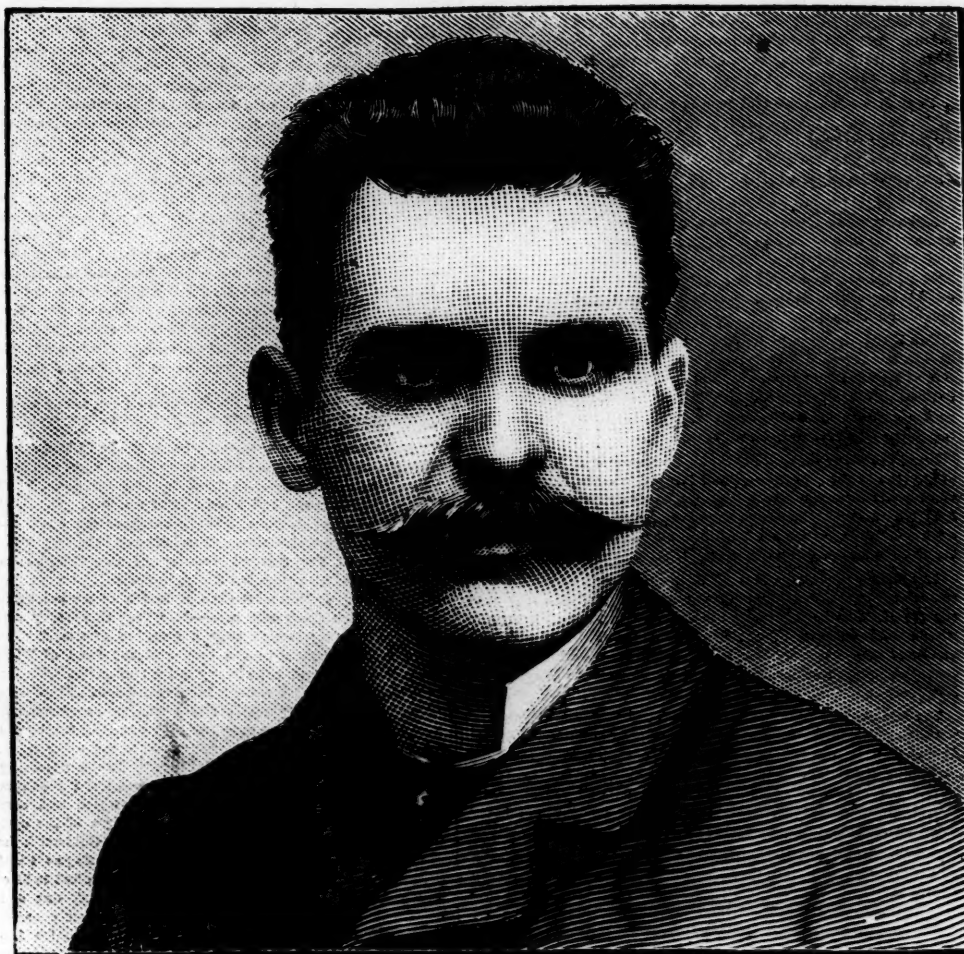
DOWNING A CHAMPION.

HOW AUSTRALIAN KELLY WAS GARROTED AND ROBBED BY FOOTPADS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

put his hand in his pocket, saying as he did so; "I've been in tight places myself, boys."

Hardly had the words passed his lips before both roughs sprang upon him. One of them, Curtis, threw his arms around Kelly's neck, while Watson took from the aged pugilist's pockets \$40 in small bills. The judge committed the prisoners on charge of highway robbery.

"I was christened James Kelly," the ex-pugilist said: "but after my fight in Australia, in 1855, with Jonathan Smith, which lasted for six hours in a boiling hot sun, I was dubbed Australian Kelly, and it has stuck to me since. In all, I fought thirty-five battles. Ed. Price was the only man who downed me. I once got \$300 from Joe Coburn for a fight which did not come off."



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

THOS. H. WINNETT.

[Photo by Mora.]



CHARLES PEARSALL,

THE CHAMPION EGG-EATER OF NEW YORK. RECORD—360 EGGS IN SIX DAYS.

Charles Pearsall.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Charles Pearsall, the champion egg consumer. Pearsall, who is a young man employed in Fulton Market, has been noted in that vicinity for some time past for his voracious appetite and great fondness for eggs. He recently made a wager with the owner of an establishment in the market that he could eat 360 eggs in six days. The wager was for \$25, the loser to pay for the eggs. Pearsall began his gluttonous feat on March 31, at John Ross' restaurant, at No. 206 Front street, New York, and successfully accomplished it. At each trial the eggs were put in the scales and declared to weigh three and three-quarter pounds. The shells were subsequently found to weigh one-quarter of a pound. The contents of the shells filled three and three-quarter soda-glasses. Pearsall drank as fast as the glasses could be filled, never taking more than ten seconds to swallow the draught. When he had finished he smoked a cigar for a few minutes, and then ordered a steak with onions, a piece of pie and a cup of tea.

Young Mapleson's Mash

Arthur Mapleson, son of Col. J. H. Mapleson, was arrested in Chicago, April 8, on a warrant charging him with adultery. The charge is preferred by Samuel Pierson, a former employee of C. M. Henderson & Co., boot and shoe dealers. Pierson went to Texas about six months ago, leaving his wife, Ella, and two children behind. After her husband's departure Ella was wont to relieve the monotony of her existence by visiting the Wabash Avenue Pavillion. There she met Arthur, and their lives have since been blended together.

The husband arrived at Chicago, Friday, April 4, and found his wife occupying rooms at 1,443 State street. He also learned that his two boys had been taught in his absence to call Mr. Mapleson "papa." Mrs. Pierson

refused to say anything in reference to the charge. When asked if she knew Mr. Mapleson she exclaimed: "No, I don't know anything about Mr. Arthur Mapleson." She did not explain how she knew his first name. The case was brought before Justice Hammer and continued until April 15. Mr. Mapleson gave \$500 bonds.

Kelly and Murphy.

In this issue we publish portraits of Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy, of New York, the famous pugilists who have both figured in numerous glove contests, but have of late taken to the stage, and show, in a most artistic manner, how fights are lost and won in the arena. They are acknowledged to be the cleverest boxing team now on the road. They made a big reputation at the time Richard K. Fox had the Mace & Slade combination on the road, when they received more applause than any of the noted athletes of the troupe. They are now always in demand by managers and receive a large salary. Their plays, "Dan Donnelly" and "The Boxing Master," always prove good drawing cards. At all the theatres where they have appeared they have given great satisfaction. New York is their headquarters, and they can always be found at Harry Hill's theatre when they are in town. Kelly and Murphy are, without the least doubt, the greatest drawing cards of the day, and may be classed as phenomenon boxers.

E. A. Parsons.

We present this week a portrait of Dr. E. A. Parsons, the celebrated veterinary surgeon and dentist. He is well known among all horsemen from having rendered valuable assistance to many of the famous horses of the turf and track. As a dentist he has operated on all the noted race-horses, including Maud S., Aldine, Early Rose, the Dwyer Bros' flyers, the stock of James R. Keene, William Stoops, James Shields and others. He was born at Hartford, Conn., in 1850, and after a farm life of several years obtained employment in a stable, where his knowledge of horses soon developed. His love of veterinary science led him to New York where he put himself under the instruction of Mr. C. D. House, the most noted horse dentist of his day, and at the death of Mr. House continued his practice. He also graduated from a veterinary college. His office, at Thompson's stables, Broadway and Thirty-eighth street, is daily visited by owners of the most celebrated horses of the country.



E. A. PARSONS,

THE CELEBRATED VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST OF NEW YORK.

The Old, Old Story.

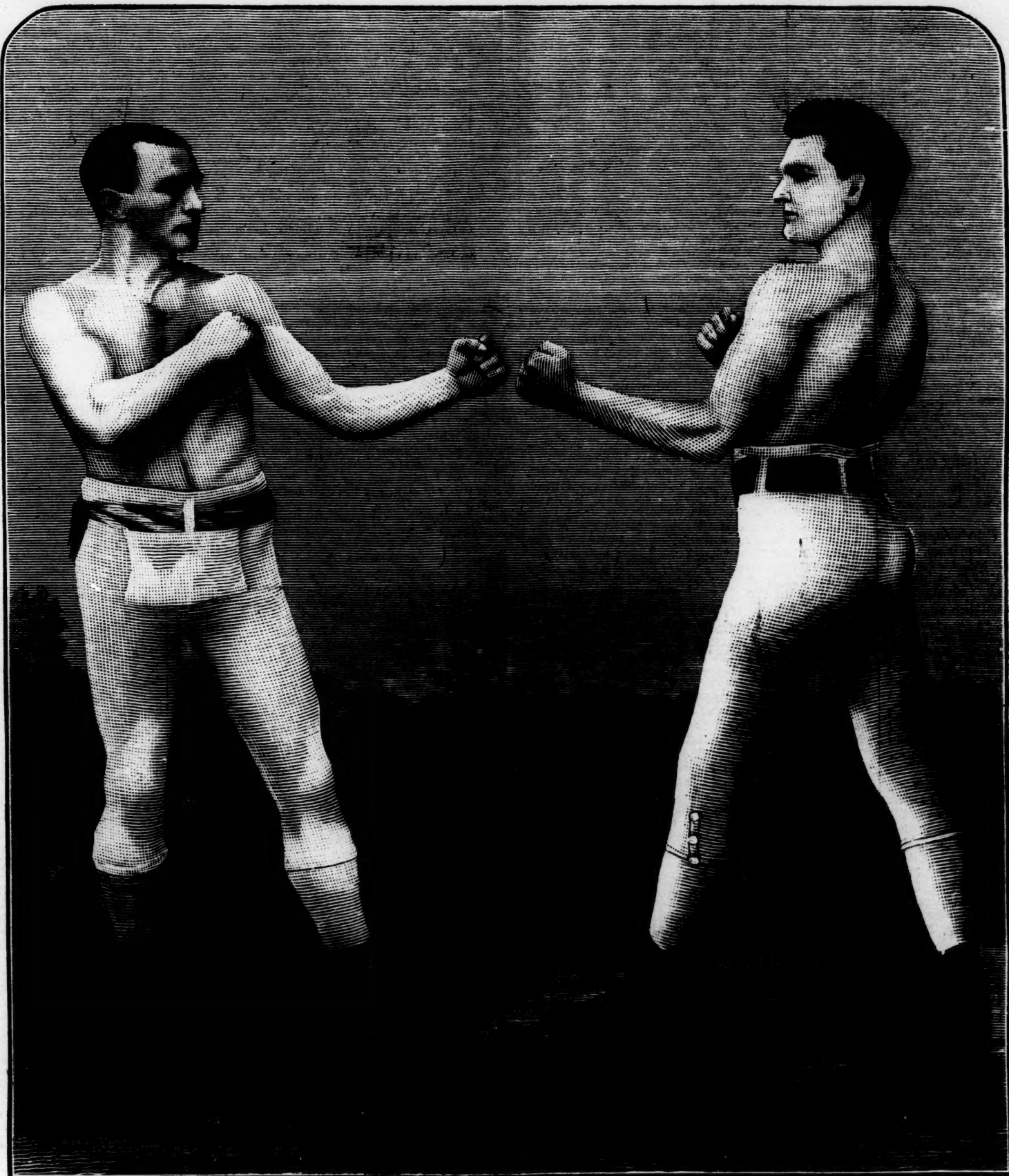
A police officer found a well-dressed child hidden under a sidewalk in Chicago, April 13. It had been chloroformed, but was alive. It was taken to a police station. The newspapers reported the finding next morning, when a domestic named Nettie Sizer called and went into hysterics on recognizing it as her own. To the police matron she told her story—the old, old story of betrayal by a young man named Frank B. Williams, said to be head clerk in the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. Williams had taken the child, ostensibly to put it in charge of his grandmother at Indianapolis, but instead had abandoned it. Williams was arrested, charged with attempt to murder, and bailed for appearance on the 19th.

Blew His Uncle's Head Off.

Humphrey Bunch, a wealthy and influential citizen of Carroll county, Mo., had a nephew who for some time had been pasturing cattle on the uncle's land. Recently Mr. Bunch concluded to fence the land, and having completed the fence, he turned his nephew's cattle outside. For this apparently lawful act the nephew, whose name is Jesse Glover, went and shot his uncle's head off. Citizens and officers are in hot pursuit, and there is much talk of lynching if the murderer is caught.

A Beastly Father.

Thomas Whitchee, of Salinas, Cal., lately separated from his wife, was arrested April 14 on the charge of having, with threats of death, assaulted his fifteen-year-old daughter. He was released on bonds and started for home. As he was stepping into a buggy, his son drew a revolver and fired five shots at him, none of which were effectual. The excitement became so great that the sureties withdrew from his bond, and Whitchee was lodged in jail. Lynching was feared.



KELLY AND MURPHY,

THE WELL-KNOWN PUGILISTS AND PHENOMENAL BOXERS.

[Photo by John Wood.]

SPORTING NEWS.

\$1.50.

THE POLICE GAZETTE,

The Best Illustrated, Sporting and Sensational Paper in the World, and

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,

The Spiciest Dramatic and best Story Paper in America, illustrating the Sensations of the Day.

These two great papers will be mailed to any address in the United States three months for \$1.50. Sample copies mailed free on application.

The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by

RICHARD K. FOX.

GEORGE H. HOSMER will train the Princeton crew at Princeton, N. J.

THE foot-race between Hurst and Brennan is to be run according to Sheffield rules.

DUNCAN C. ROSS says the Jap is the finest wrestler and the strongest and quickest man he ever met.

A PROFESSIONAL scullers' regatta will be held at Calais, Me., on July 24, and liberal purses are promised.

TOM HENRY, who recently defeated Jimmy Murray, will be tendered a benefit at Clarendon Hall Monday evening, May 5.

JOHN S. PRINCE recently defeated the trotting horse Ed., in a twenty-mile race at San Francisco, covering the distance in 1h 21m 50s.

THE collar-and-elbow wrestling match between L. L. Burton, of Roscommon, Mich., and Jesse Robinson, of Batavia, N. Y., was won by Burton.

PIETRO DELMAS, the French champion, offers to wrestle any man in the country, Græco-Roman style, for from \$250 to \$5,000. Here is a chance for action.

BILLY MADDEN says the next time Mitchell boxes Kilrain there will be no excuse for any argument, and that he will allow Mitchell to either stop or knock out Kilrain.

THE American Yacht Club, of New York, proposes to still further advance the interest of steam yachting by arranging a series of steam yacht races during the coming season.

TOM WALLING, the pugilist, who is boniface of the "Police Gazette," shades, 21½ Harrison avenue, Leadville, Col., now looks after the POLICE GAZETTE sporting matters in that vicinity.

THE fraud who is bulldozing and bluffing at Macon, Ga., claiming to be a pugilist and brother to Tom Gould, of New York, is an impostor and no relation of the Gould family of this city.

A FIRST-CLASS professional regatta, with Hosmer, Riley, Gaudaur, Ross, Ten Eyck, Lee, Teemer and Courtney as entries, is set down for some time in May at Creve Coeur lake, near St. Louis.

HARRY HUTCHENS, the champion sprinter of England, offers to give any man in the world a start of 10 yards in 300 yards for any amount of money the acceptor of the challenge may choose to name.

JAMES QUIRK, of Brantford, and E. S. Tisdale, of Toronto, Ont., have made a match to run 300 yards for \$1,000 a side, Tisdale to give Quirk 7 yards start. The match will take place at Toronto, May 6.

ON April 17 we returned Col. J. H. McLaughlin, of Detroit, the \$30 he recently forwarded to the POLICE GAZETTE to wrestle either John McMahon or H. M. Dufur for the collar-and-elbow wrestling championship.

THE Foy sisters—Adah and Violet—have opened the Bijou Saloon, Grove street, out of Wall street, at Helena, Montana. The saloon is well fitted up, and it is the resort of the sporting and theatrical fraternity.

JOHN J. FLYNN, the popular sporting man, of 103 Bowery, will open the Jumbo, at Brighton, Coney Island, on Saturday, May 3. He will give a grand show every afternoon and evening, which will comprise boxing, etc.

THE first appearance of Mervine Thompson, the great pugilist, in New York will be in May, when the Cleveland Thunderbolt will box any man living 4 rounds, and after he stops any one that faces him he will wrestle Matsada Sorakichi the same evening.

JIM WHEAT, the colored pedestrian of Pittsburgh, and Harry Lewis, of Hazleton, Pa., are matched to run 110 yards at Scranton, Pa., for \$400. The race is to come off during the last week in April. Charles Gable, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., is to be referee and stakeholder.

CHARLEY RANSOM, the trainer of Leon, the great sprint runner, of New Jefferson, Iowa, writes that Leon recently ran 75 yards, by report of pistol from the mark, in 7s. at New Jefferson, Iowa. Leon is the same runner who, it was claimed, ran 50 yards last fall in 4½s.

COL. J. H. McLAUGHLIN has accepted Richard K. Fox's challenge, in which the latter offered to back Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese champion, to wrestle McLaughlin at Detroit for \$1,000. The contest between McLaughlin and the "Police Gazette" champion will be an interesting contest.

JAMES W. CLARK, the sporting boniface of the "Police Gazette" Park sporting house, 422 East Washington avenue, Scranton, Pa., keeps the leading sporting house of the place. He will give a silver cup for wrestling at one for boxing on Saturday evening, May 3, when a number of boxers will compete.

ON April 16, Martin Dempsey, the champion light-weight 130-lb wrestler, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$30 with Richard K. Fox and issued a challenge, offering to wrestle Dan Custy, of Long Island City, collar-and-elbow, best two in three falls, in harness, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$100 a side and upward.

THE challenge recently sent to the POLICE GAZETTE by Miss Mary Murphy, of Fall River, Mass., the female champion of New England, to box any female in America, has been accepted by Hattie Richards, of New York. The backer of the latter will match Hattie Richards to box Miss Murphy any time she may name for two-thirds of the gate receipts.

ROBERT WINSTANLEY, of Liverpool, England, is the champion Lancashire clog-dancer of the world, no matter who says to the contrary. Winstanley is ready to dance Horace Wheatley or any man in the world a Lancashire clog dance, according to the rules, for \$250 to \$1,000 a side. Winstanley will meet any dancer who wants to make a bona fide match at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

MERVINE THOMPSON, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, is stopping at Duncan C. Ross' sporting house,

171 Ontario street, Cleveland. Thompson's left hand, which has laid him up for some time, is last improving, and he is again taking gymnastic exercise. The \$2,500 posted by Duncan C. Ross, to match Thompson to fight Sullivan for \$2,500 and the championship of America, still remains uncovered.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following parties: Thomas Atkin, L. Alauzopaula, Doc Baggs, Tom. Cannon (2), Chas. E. Courtney (3), C. Duncan, Frank C. Dobson, Peter Duryea, Dick Garvin, Prof. John Haley, Thos. King (2), Geo. W. Lee, Chas. D. Lakey (3), Michael McCarthy, Wm. Muldoon (2), Geo. W. Moore, Harry Monroe, Wm. Mantell, E. Ridgion, Jane Rankin, Sec'y Pastime Athletic Club, New York; Miss Ullie, Miss Minnie Vernon, Harry Woodson, Ed. Bibby, Geo. Hazael, Plunger Walton.

THE following speaks for itself:

WINDSOR STATION, D. T., April 21, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: In your issue of Jan. 5, you publish a challenge from Prof. W. A. Kellogg to W. R. Mansfield, of Windsor Station, D. T., for a hard-flo contest to the finish for \$100 a side. Mansfield hereby cheerfully accepts the challenge, to come off on any date and at any place, within 100 miles of Jamestown, that the said Kellogg may designate. Money is in my hands. Come to the front, Kellogg. J. MACKAY.

THE following explains itself:

RAWLINS, W. T., April 23, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—I hereby challenge either Panther Bill or Happy Jack to shoot horseback, with two Colt's forty-five revolvers, the horse to run between the marks, the same to be 80 yards apart. To show that I mean what I say, I have got \$50 deposited in the Postmaster's hands. The match to be for from \$200 to \$1,000 a side. The match to come off in Chicago or St. Louis, in August or September.

BILLY BILLSON.

JAMES O. HEARN writes: "I hereby challenge Mr. Horace Wheatley, champion Lancashire clog-dancer, to a contest, his style against the American, which I am to represent. I claim the American style, which has been somewhat neglected of late years, is superior to this so-called Lancashire style, which has been in vogue some time. I am willing to enter a contest on their respective merits, and will dance my style against Mr. Wheatley's for \$100 a side, the POLICE GAZETTE to be stakeholder. I will be pleased to meet Mr. Wheatley or his representative at the POLICE GAZETTE office at his convenience to make the match."

At the Cincinnati Enquirer office recently, Bob Farrell, of New York, and Charley McDonald, of Cincinnati, arranged a boxing match. The following are the articles of agreement:

We, the undersigned, Bob Farrell, of New York city, and Charley McDonald, of Cincinnati, do hereby agree to spar 4 rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, at Robinson's Opera House, Saturday evening, April 21, with regulation gloves. The winner to receive the entire receipts of the house after expenses have been deducted. The referee to be chosen on the night of the contest.

Witnesses: BOB FARRELL, CHARLEY McDONALD. HARRY WOODSON, JOHNNY MOHAN.

MARTIN DEMPSEY, the well-known wrestler of Brooklyn, was tendered a benefit at Tom Kearns' Champions' Rest, 233 Bowery, New York, on the 14th inst. Jack Dempsey (Martin's brother), and Jim Sweeney, boxed 4 rounds. Tommy Barnes and Charley McCoy also made a rattling set-to. The affair wound up with a wrestling match between Dan Custy, of Long Island, and Martin Dempsey, which ended in a draw. Prior to the contest Dempsey agreed to give Custy \$25 if he won a fall, and Custy captured the purse. Dempsey won the first fall, Custy the second, after a desperate struggle which lasted 33m.

WE have received the following card from Patsy Sheppard, the well-known pugilist and boniface of the Abbey, 71 Harrison avenue, Boston, which explains itself:

BOSTON, MASS., April 22, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: I desire you to state in the sporting columns of the POLICE GAZETTE that there is, and has been for the last two years, a purse of \$150 here for Frank White to spar Billy Frazier 6 rounds for any time he says the word, and he can get all the money covered he wants on bets that Frazier will whip him. I will take \$200 myself. I think there has been paper talk enough, and when White is ready to meet Frazier let him drop a word to Tim McCarthy. Frazier will fight in forty-eight hours' notice.

PATSY SHEPPARD.

ON April 16, Richard K. Fox received the following dispatch from Scranton, Pa.: "A prize fight was arranged here to-day between Frank Johnson, of Scranton, and Patsy Hogan, of Providence, Pa. The pugilists signed articles to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring with small gloves, on May 6, within 100 miles of Scranton, for \$250 a side. One hundred dollars of the stake money has been posted with James W. Clark, the proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Park, in this city, who was chosen fiscal stakeholder, and the final deposit of \$200 a side is to be staked at Clark's sporting house, 422 East Washington street, on April 27, when, it is reported, the stakes will be increased to \$500 a side. Richard K. Fox has consented to appoint the referee. Both pugilists are well known, and the fight is the topic of conversation in sporting circles. The men have gone into training, and will train down to 130 lbs."

[NOTE.—The Patsy Hogan referred to in the above dispatch is not the San Francisco pugilist of that name.—SPORTING EDITOR.]

THE following sporting men called at this office last week: Will Stanley, champion jig dancer; Col. Cunningham, U. S. A.; Mr. Geo. Rich, Mr. Richard L. Vivian, Capt. Jas. C. Daly, W. H. Crummie, Jas. O'Hearn, F. D. Dubois, Jas. Paterson, John J. Flynn, J. H. Flankland, Mark Maguire, Joe Denning, Steve O'Donnell, Frank Stevenson, Roundsmen Quigley, Samuel Day, pedestrian, Birmingham, Eng.; Sam Tousey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Tom McAlpine, Jack Dempsey, John Doveney, Thad. Melghan, C. B. Hazleton, Chas. Tindale, Altoona, Pa.; Bill James, L. A. James and Frank Gaffney, Newark, N. J.; Tom Davis, Martin Dempsey, Jim Goode, Ed. Hanley, H. M. Rich, Baltimore, Md.; Philip Cusacks, artist; J. B. Fontaine, Jas. O. Maguire, J. B. Roames, ex-Alderman Terry Duffy, Wm. Watson, Johnny Saunders, Mr. F. R. Horton, Arthur Chambers, Wm. Sheriff, Mr. Mitchell, Billy Madden, Jas. Murphy, Mike O'Rourke, Ed. Mallahan, Dick Stewart, Steve Dubois, Nitaw-eg-ebow, the Indian runner, who is entered for the six day race, and his trainer, Frank Russell; Harry Herber, Peter Duryea, Pat L. Flynn, C. C. Kelley, Westchester, N. Y.; Col. Snelbaker, Manager Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C.; Harry Munson, Edwin Bibby, Tom Henry, Mr. Corcoran.

MATSADA SORAKICHI, the Japanese wrestler, won another victory, at Cleveland, Ohio, on April 12,

by defeating Andre Cristol, the famous French athlete. The Frenchman was backed by Duncan C. Ross, who had agreed to match an Unknown against the "Police Gazette" champion. Ross intended that Joe Acton, the "Little Demon," should meet the Jap. Acton telegraphed from Philadelphia that he would not wrestle Japanese style, and Ross concluded to make Cristol the Unknown. Duncan C. Ross seconded Cristol, and Prof. Donnelly attended on the Jap. Thomas Curry, of Cleveland, was chosen referee. The Jap won the toss for the choice of the first bout. Time was called at 8:40 o'clock. The first bout was in the Japanese style. Sorakichi tried to butt the Frenchman off the platform. Cristol was ready for him and successfully warded off the butts, receiving the force of the charges on his arm and shoulder. Suddenly the Jap caught him around the waist and threw him on his face. Cristol was surprised and mad, and struck the floor savagely with his fist. First fall for the Jap, time, 10s. The second bout, which was catch-as-catch-can, was won by Cristol, who, after a severe tussle, got a body-lock on the Jap and threw him off his feet, landing him fair and square on his back. Time, 8m. The third bout was in the Japanese style, and was won by Sorakichi in 20s. The fourth bout was a lively one, but Andre finally won the bout by a beautiful body-lock, turning the Jap over in fine shape. Fall for Cristol. Time 6m. At this juncture each man had won two bouts. The referee tossed for the choice of the fifth and closing bout. The Jap won. Fifth bout, Japanese style. This bout was short and sweet. Jap circled around the stage and then with a grunt closed with the Frenchman and butted him several times. Taking Cristol in a manner least expected the Jap caught him around the waist and threw him like a log on his side. Fall for the Jap. Time, 5s. The referee then decided the contest in favor of Matsada Sorakichi.

CLARENDON HALL, New York, was crowded on April 17 by the admirers of athletic sports, to witness the struggle between Edwin Bibby, of England, and a German champion wrestler named August Schmidt. The conditions of the contest were best two in three falls, in Græco-Roman style, for the receipts of the house and \$200 held by the POLICE GAZETTE. Bibby is thirty-five years old, stands 5 ft 3 in and weighs 155 lbs. August Schmidt hails from Kronigsburg, Germany, is thirty-two years old, 5 ft 11 in in height, and weighed 180 lbs. Both men are finely formed and very muscular, but the German showed by far the greater development of strength, while Bibby was apparently the more skillful. Bibby had for his second James Drum, and Schmidt was looked after by August Schneider. Frank Whittaker was referee, and Wm. E. Harding time-keeper. The struggle was on a stage roped on three sides, a wall protecting the other. When time was called the men responded promptly, and were soon "pawing" around, each other waiting to catch an advantage. When they clinched they struggled to the ropes, which gave way, the bolt to which they were made fast being drawn out of the wall, and the men narrowly escaped going over to the floor. When they got together again Bibby marched, after a hard struggle, to get a front neck-hold on Schmidt, and landed him with both shoulders on the stage, and was awarded first fall. Time, 2m 3s. After a respite of 15m the men appeared again at the scratch, and in a short time of "pawing" clinching and breaking away they clinched, and Schmidt and Bibby went down together, the left side of the head of the latter striking the stage heavily, and, being turned over, his opponent fell on him with both knees in his side and stomach. This seemed to daze Bibby, and he was soon afterward put on his back and the fall was awarded to Schmidt. Time, 2m 45s. Much to the astonishment of the crowd, when the 15m was up, Bibby came on the stage apparently as fresh as his opponent, and he went promptly to him, although he complained of his side being much hurt. After a short time spent in struggling, Schmidt appeared to be growing weak, and Bibby, although apparently not himself, managed to get a neck-hold of Schmidt, and in the struggle they fell off the stage. Almost as soon as they got up and faced each other again, Bibby threw his opponent on his side, but could not then get him on his back; but after another attempt Bibby threw him against the wall, and then by a grand effort he managed to get both of Schmidt's shoulders on the floor, and then the referee awarded the victory to Bibby, amid the most uproarious applause of the spectators. The contest lasted 11m, not counting the time between rounds.

THE following communication has been received at this office:

U. S. S. KEARSARGE, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, March 22, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Sir—Seeing an account of the boat-race between the boats of the U. S. S. Tennessee and Swatara in your valuable columns, I do not think it amiss—though rather late—to forward another which took place in the harbor of Naples, on Feb. 8, between the U. S. S. Lancaster and Kearsarge. It has long been the boast of the Lancaster that they were invincible; she having held the sway on this station since her arrival. Though the Kearsarge found no difficulty in adding fresh laurels to her already brilliant crown. The race was from the bows of the Italian steamer Asia, two and one-half (2½) nautical miles across the harbor and return. For fully an hour before the start, the course was obstructed by the innumerable tribe of diegos, who take pride in the name of watermen. At two (2) P. M. the riggals of the Trenton (en route for China), were manned, the Kearsarge lying "still and as silent as death." When the Lancasters pulled to the starting-point, her cheers were answered by the Trenton, which plainly told the "conquering heroes" were coming—the Lancaster not being able to see the Kearsarge man her boat. After taking their respective places and everything being in readiness the customary "go" and pistol-fire were given. At the start the Lancaster's boat, being a cutter, and ours a gig, she took the start, but had not gone three boats' lengths before two "Yankee boys" showed their heads and forged to the lead, and in passing the Kearsarge—less than an eighth (⅛) of a mile from starting-point—were fully a boat's length in advance. Encouraged by the Trenton and Kearsarge they steadily increased their lead and turned their stake-boat thirty (30) seconds ahead of the Lancaster. From this point the race may be said to be virtually over. Drawing near the Trenton, on the home stretch, her band gave new life and vigor with "The Poor Old Soldier" and "The Campbells are Coming," and the "Yankee boys" jogged along at the rate of forty-four (44) strokes per minute—an increase of one from the start—apparently fresh and able to do another three (3) miles, while the "cast-iron men" appeared a little the worse for wear. Fully four thousand (4,000) dollars changed hands. The Lancasters had such great faith in their boat that five (5) to four (4) were given. Time of winning boat was 26m 5s, winning by 1m 5s. The crew of the Kearsarge, after the race, had ample wealth to see Naples, and many had an inclination to be, and were, dead-drunk, while a greater part of the crew of the Lancaster did not see Naples and were dead-broke. In conclusion we wish to say that if the Darlen can pull five (5) nautical miles in better time, and with fourteen (14) oars, she may justly claim the "championship of the navy." We think we

can beat our own time with twelve (12) oars, and our boat runs better with (14). We do not wish to lay claim to the title, but while the crew of the Tennessee are "chawing" about the virtues of their boat, let them remember the ship across the pond. Unfortunately the difference of stations will not allow opinions to be, at present, put to a test. Time flies, and in the course of something under two (2) years we shall be either "home" or "on our way rejoicing," and if the Darlen still hangs on the davits of the Tennessee—or any other ship—we shall be happy to have them "sing ash" and protect her assumed title. Respectfully yours,

KEARSARGE.

ALL arrangements are now complete for the six-day go-as-you-please race which will begin at Madison Square Garden on Monday, April 23. The race promises to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of pedestrian contests that have ever taken place in any country. Thirteen men have posted \$100 each and signed the articles of agreement, which call for a go-as-you-please pedestrian race of 142 hours, the winner of which will take seventy per cent. of the stakes, the second man twenty per cent., and the third man ten per cent. The gate receipts, after the expenses have been paid, will be divided as follows: If only one man completes 525 miles or more, the whole gate receipts, less the expenses, shall be paid over to him. If two men complete 525 miles or more, the winner to receive two-thirds of the gate receipts, and the second man one-third. If three men complete 525 miles or more, the winner to take one-half, the second man thirty per cent., and the third man twenty per cent. of the receipts. If four men complete 525 miles or more, the winner to take one-half, the second man twenty-five, the third man fifteen and the fourth man ten per cent. of the gate receipts. If five men complete 525 miles or more, the winner to take one-half, the second man twenty-five, the third man twelve, the fourth man eight and the fifth man five per cent. of the gate receipts. If six men complete 525 miles or more, the rate of division of the gate receipts shall be fifty, twenty, twelve, eight, six and four per cent., and so on.

The thirteen men who are in training for and will engage in the contest, are as follows:

Charles Rowell, English, age thirty, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 140 pounds. Best six-day record 566 miles 63 yards, made November, 1880.

Ex-Alderman Patrick Fitzgerald, Irish, age thirty-nine, height 5 feet 10½ inches, weight 155 pounds. Best six-day record 582 miles 55 yards, made December, 1881.

Robert Vint, Irish, age thirty-nine, height 5 feet 3 inches, weight 125 pounds. Best six-day record 578 miles 605 yards, made May, 1881.

George D. Noremac, Scotch, age twenty-nine, height 5 feet 3½ inches, weight 120 pounds. Best six-day record 566 miles 890 yards, made November, 1882.

Daniel J. Herly, American, age twenty-five, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150 pounds. Best six-day record 566 miles 275 yards, made December, 1881.

Frank H. Hart, colored, native of the West Indies, age twenty-seven, height 5 feet 7½ inches, weight 150 pounds. Best six-day record 566 miles 165 yards, made April, 1880.

Napoleon Campana, American, age forty, height 5 feet 7½ inches, weight 138 pounds. Best six-day record 500 miles, made December, 1882.

Alfred Elisson, English, age forty-seven; height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 135 pounds. Best six-day record, 423 miles, made on a 24-lap track, at Bridgeport, Conn., in 1880.

Samuel Day, English, age thirty-one; height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 125 pounds. Best six-day record, 456 miles, in 1880. Day has gone 405 miles in 6 days, 14 hours per day, at Birmingham, Eng., in 1879.

Nitaw-eg-ebow, a full-breed Indian of the Chippewa tribe, who has frequently, on foot, ran down deer and buffalo.

George Hains, American, who has quite a record as a short-distance runner.

W. W. Lounsbury, American, another pedestrian of short-distance fame, and Charles Thompson, an out-and-out Yankee, whose records for 75 and 84 hours, at the go-as-you-please style of locomotion, compare favorably with the best.

Fitzgerald, as a matter of course, is generally looked upon as the man who will win, and his previous performances warrant this belief. He is a man of great endurance and a pedestrian who inspires confidence. Rowell, however, is in great form, and his admirers are confident that he will not be beaten. He will go into this race a wiser man than when he started before. The falsity of the theory first given shape by him that the way, in order to win a six-day race, was to roll up the miles at the start has been demonstrated, and it is certain he will not again attempt to put 150 miles behind him during the first 22 hours, as he did on a previous occasion. The go-as-you-please business is much better understood than it was in the golden years when Rowell stirred New York to the center and gathered in a fortune. Day, the little Englishman, who has been sent over by the Morsely Harriers, a prominent amateur athletic organization in England, to win money and fame, is a likely-looking pedestrian. He is of the Rowell type, short and thick in stature, and his limbs are as hard as iron. He has never had a proper chance in a full six-day race, but in six-day races, of 14 hours per day, his record is a great one, 405 miles. He is confident he will make a good showing, and it is almost certain he will remain the week out. The Indian will be the surprise of the week. The report gone abroad that he is only a half-breed, is not true. Nitaw-eg-ebow is a full breed Indian of the Chippewa tribe, and in his country and among his people he has no equal as an athlete. He has frequently hunted deer and Buffalo on foot, and in some of his long expeditions has gone hundreds of miles. Hart, Noremac and Vint are all tried pedestrians. They have time and again covered the conventional 500 miles, and are always sure of a share of the gate receipts. Hains, Thompson, and Lounsbury are new men in the six-day go-as-you-please business, but they look like strong, hardy athletes, and ought, with proper handling, to go a long way before stopping. Campana, or Old Sport, as he is more familiarly known, does not look like a great athlete, but his score of 500 miles stamps him a wonderful man and one who will not go to pieces as quick as some people expect. Elisson is an old-time pedestrian. His split six-day race records are all good, and his showing in the six-day race at Bridgeport, when, over a 24-laps-to-the-mile track, he scored 423 miles, is worthy of mention.

Altogether the contestants in the coming race are a good lot, and if no accident happens to them in their training they are pretty sure to make a good race. The management promises to have the big building put in excellent shape, with the best portions reserved for ladies. Gilmore's band will entertain visitors, and as the admittance to the Garden during the week will be but 50 cents the public ought to support it well.

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GEORGE HOSMER, the lightning oarsman, who has made the fastest time on record for 3 miles—20m 3s, arrived in New York from Boston on April 23. He had a spin over Oak Point course on the day he arrived and pronounced the course the best in the world.

WALLACE ROSS, the coming champion oarsman, will arrive from St. John, N. B., on April 25, and go into training on Pilkington & Nagle's Oak Point course for his race with Chas. E. Courtney, which is to be rowed over the new Oak Point course on May 30. Fred. A. Plasted will train Ross.

THE Atlantic Athletic Club of Brooklyn will give an entertainment at the Brooklyn Athenaeum, Monday, May 18. The members of the club have donated three cups to be sparred for during the evening. Walter J. Halligan, feather-weight champion, has challenged any amateur feather weight to spar 4 rounds, scientific points to count, for one of the cups, and his challenge has been accepted by W. Farrell, of the Pastime Athletic Club, one of the dedicated contestants for the championship. P. O'Brien, Atlantic Athletic Club, has challenged any amateur middle weight to spar 4 rounds, scientific points to count, for the second cup, and Mr. J. Allsworth, amateur champion, has accepted. George Parker, Atlantic Athletic Club, has challenged any amateur light weight to spar 4 rounds for the third cup, and Mr. Jos. Heiser, Jr., light-weight champion, will probably accept. Besides these three bouts they intend to have a miscellaneous athletic entertainment, to consist of club-swinging, bar performing, wrestling, etc. At the close of the entertainment a supper will be served.

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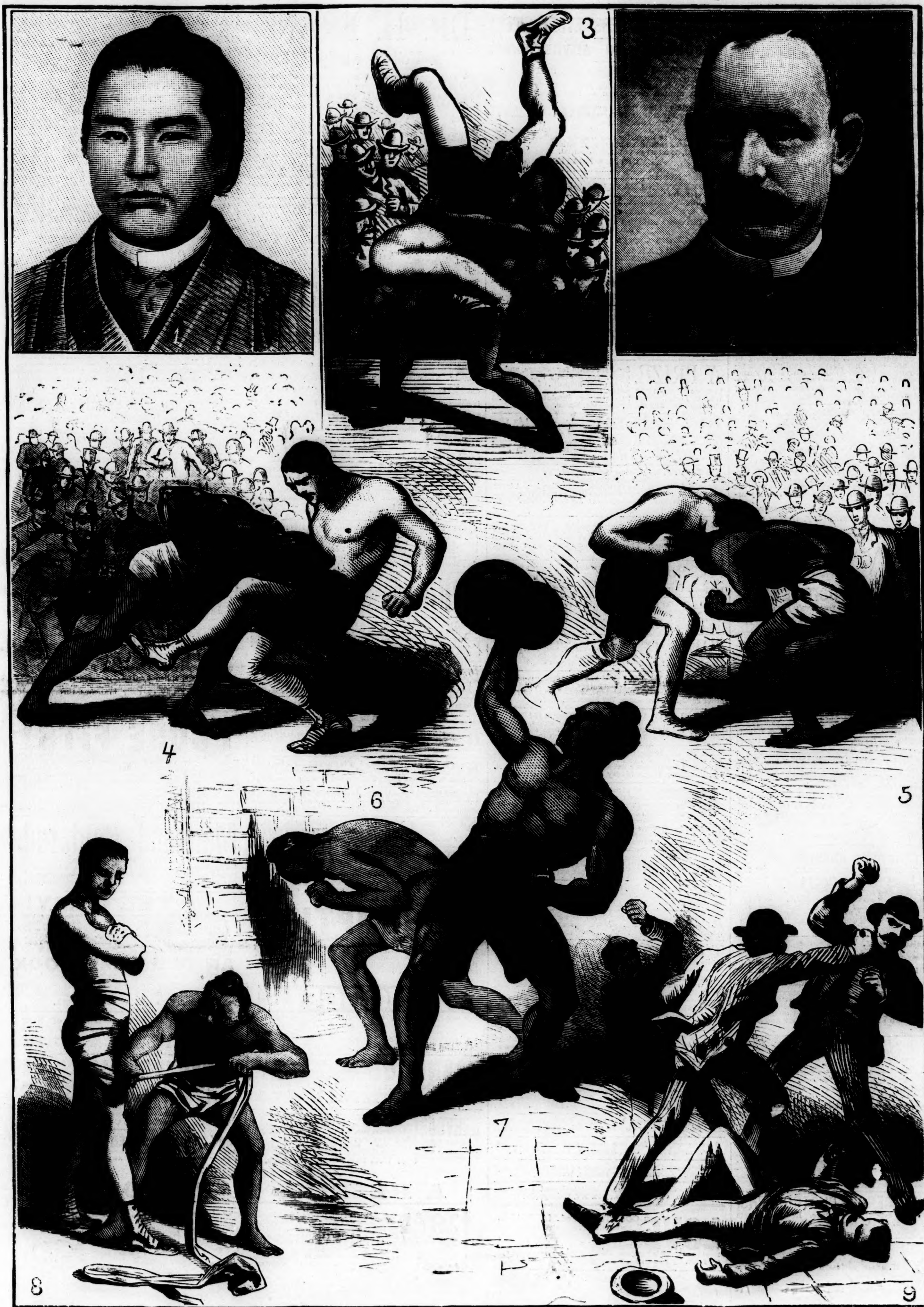
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